KNAVE

VOLUME 21
NUMBER 11

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VOL. 21 NO. 11

CONTENTS

KNAVE

| 4 |
KNIGHT SIGHT
Sir Porkalot the Knave

| 7 |
SIR PORKALOT
Cartoon capers

| 8 |
CANDY
Photographed by Bruce Kennedy

| 16 |
TEST DRIVE
Fiat's pocket rocket . . .

| 22 |
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
Questions and answers

| 23 |
WENDY
Photographed by Michael Ancher

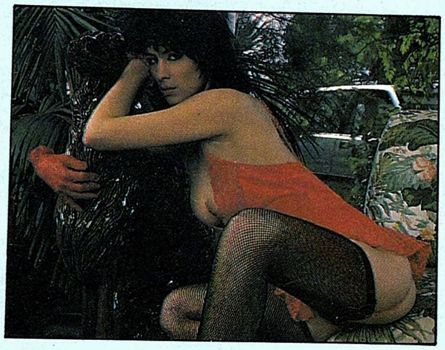
| 30 |
THE FILM HOLLYWOOD TRIED TO KILL
The Belushi scandal . . .

| 37 |
FAY
Photographed by Ulf Stjernbo

| 44 |
VIEWFINDER
See it, hear it or read it . . .

| 50 |
XIOU
Photographed by Austin Legrew

| 58 |
COWPOKE WILLIE
Lust in the dust cartoon style



| 61 |
PENPOWER
Lewd letters

| 67 |
MELISSA
Photographed by Bruce Kennedy

| 74 |
HAIR TRIGGER
Explosive fiction

| 82 |
ANNABELLE
Photographed by Hubert Toyot

| 95 |
ANDREA
Amateur Model of the Month

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

"I recognise those tits," murmur the readers. And quite right, too. The beautiful breasts you see here belong to none other than Candy, who has been pretty busy since we last saw her in Vol. 21 No. 6. America has taken an interest in her, or to be more exact, in her abilities as a dancer, and for the past couple of months, Candy has been flashing her freckles and moles to an appreciative Colonial audience. Lucky Yanks. Still, it takes two to tango, and Candy assures us she hasn't fandangoed around out there!

Candy

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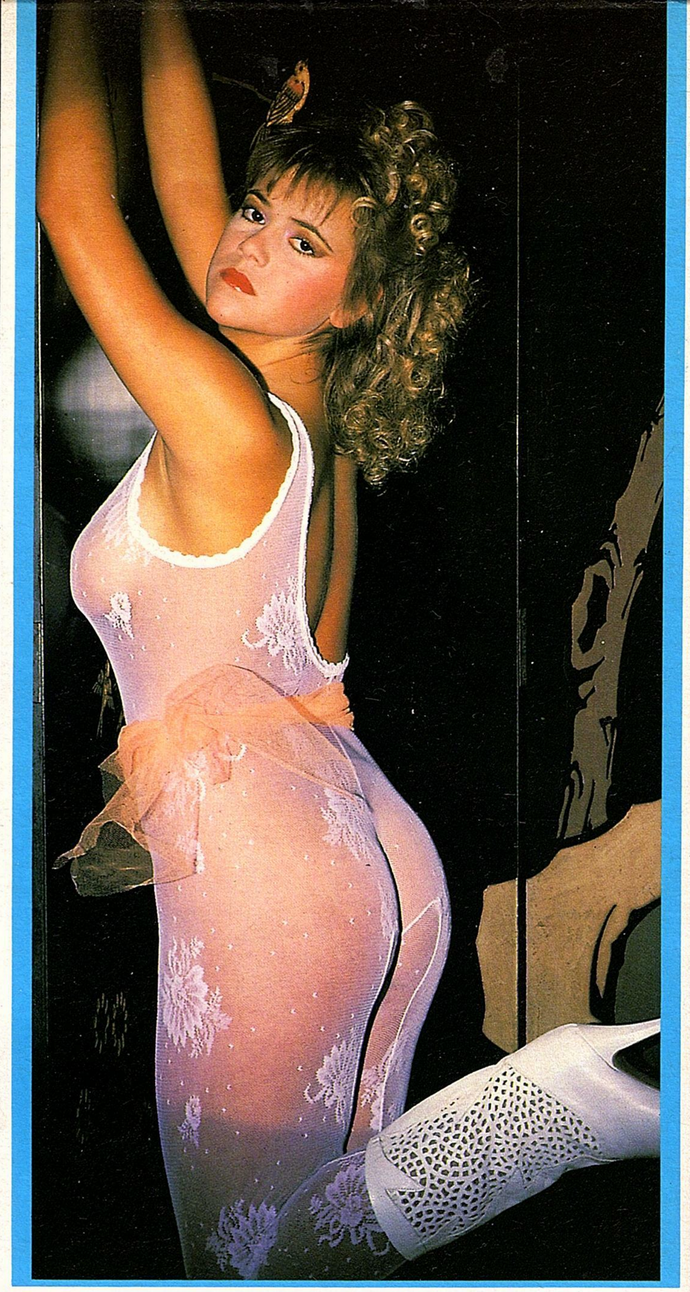
Photographed by Joe King

Wendy

You can't put a pint in a half pint pot. But Wendy, not being a believer in the laws of physics, squeezed herself into this stretchy little number before we could even say, "I'll do up the buttons on the crotch." The garment which does such a good job of highlighting Wendy's ample breasts and curvaceous buttocks was previously the XS Editor's net curtain. It looks much better now, and with Wendy wearing it, it gives a new meaning to 'pulling the curtains'!



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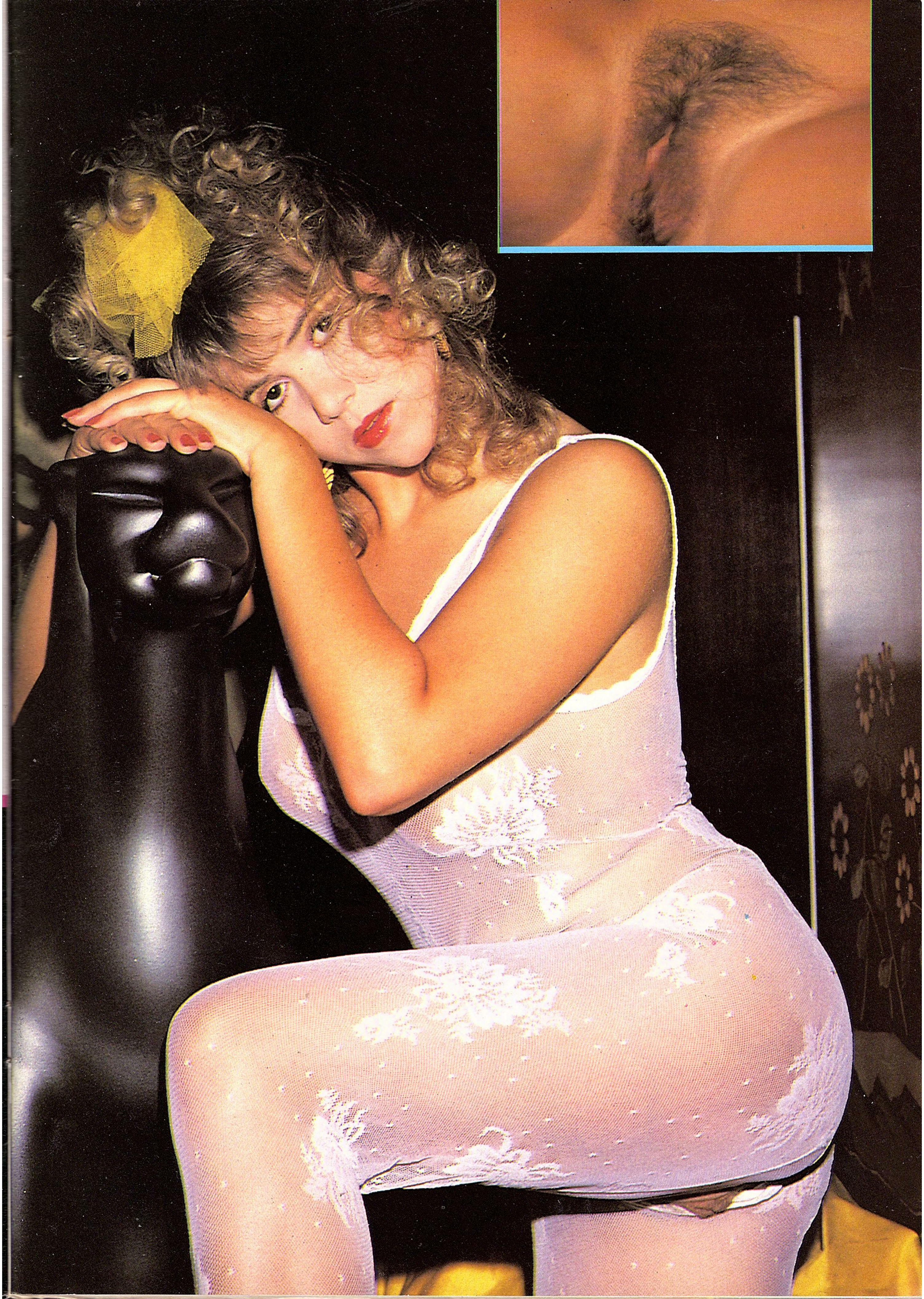

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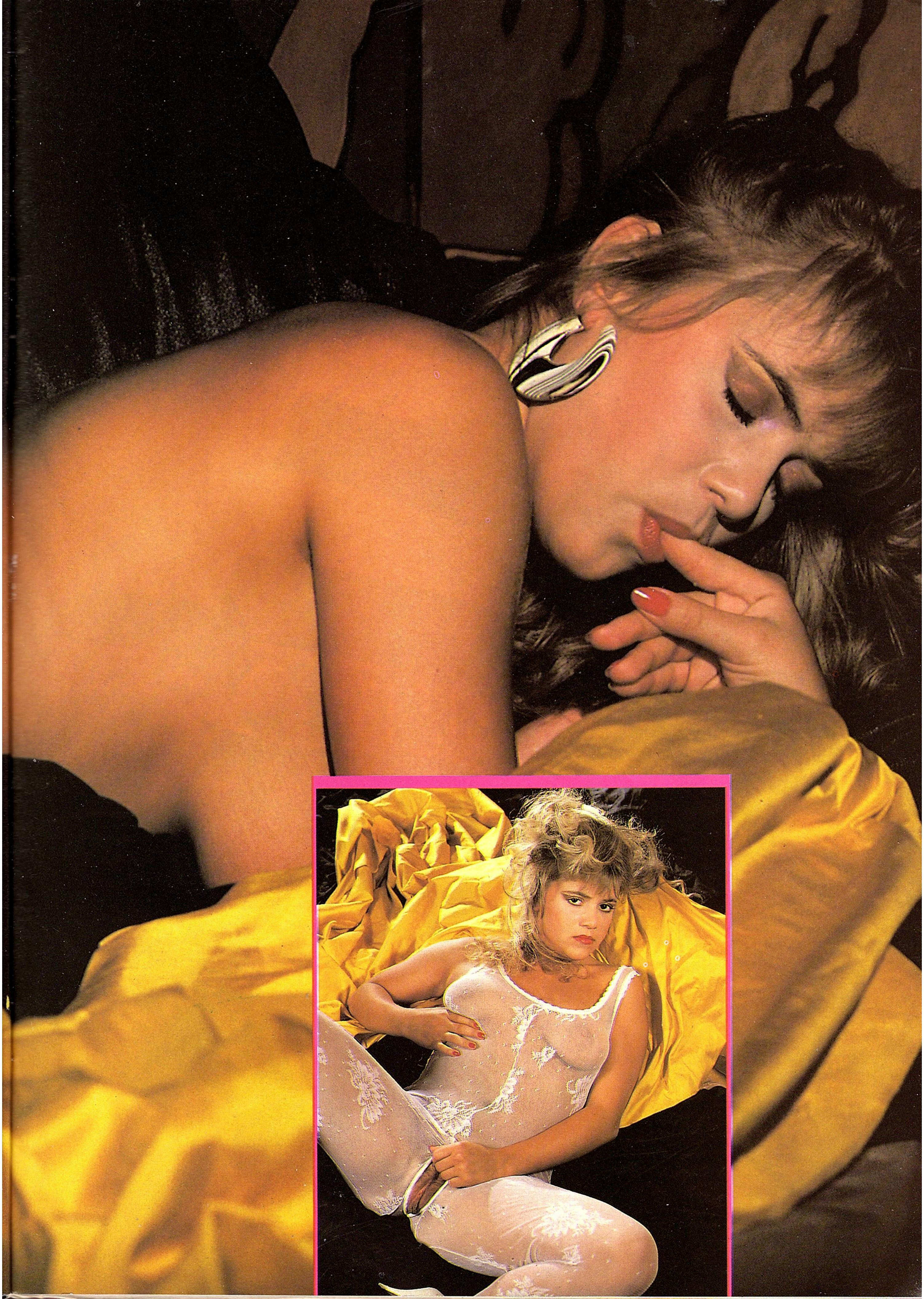
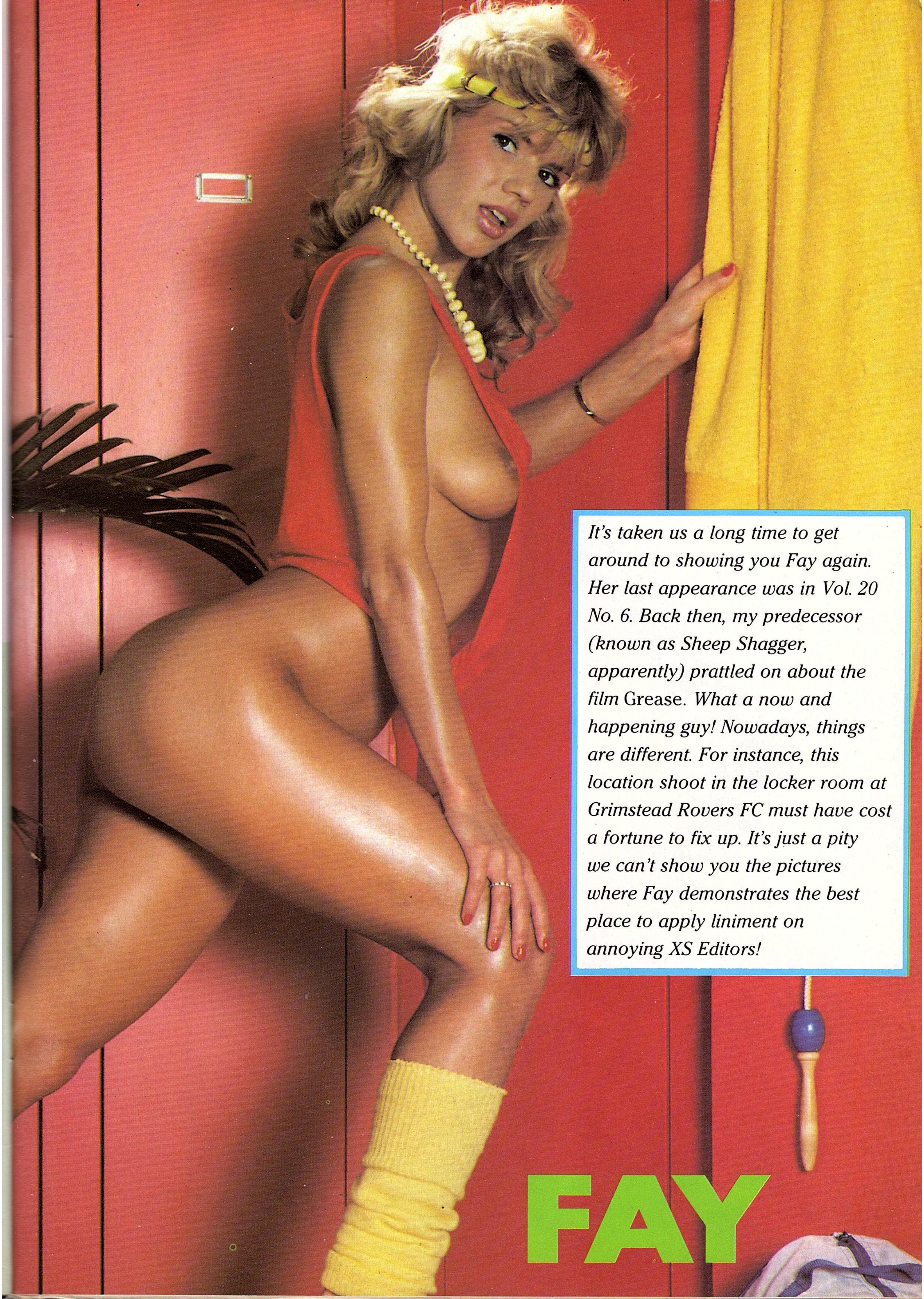
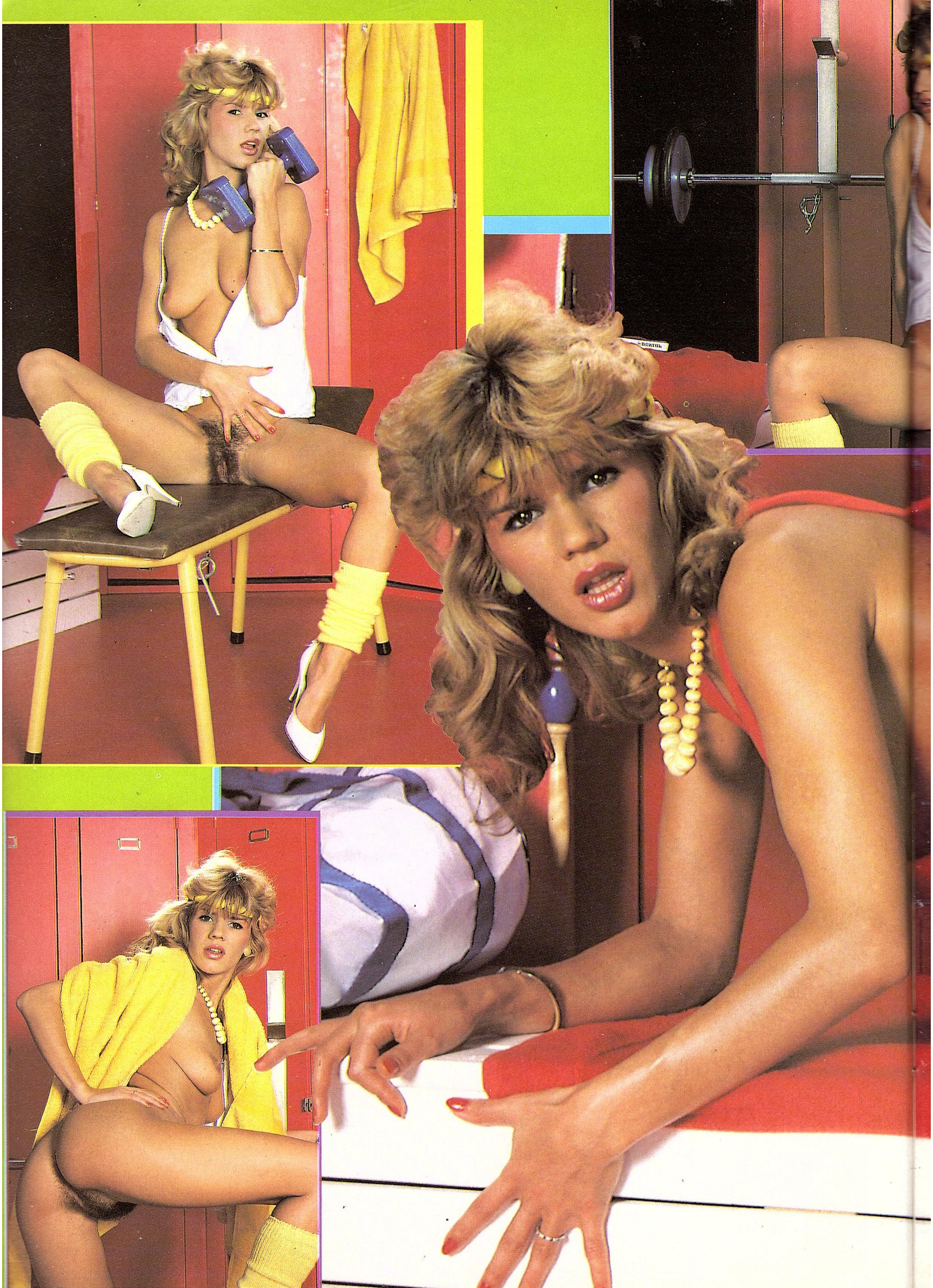




It's taken us a long time to get around to showing you Fay again. Her last appearance was in Vol. 20 No. 6. Back then, my predecessor (known as Sheep Shagger, apparently) prattled on about the film Grease. *What a now and happening guy! Nowadays, things are different. For instance, this location shoot in the locker room at Grimstead Rovers FC must have cost a fortune to fix up. It's just a pity we can't show you the pictures where Fay demonstrates the best place to apply liniment on annoying XS Editors!*

FAY

DUNLOP



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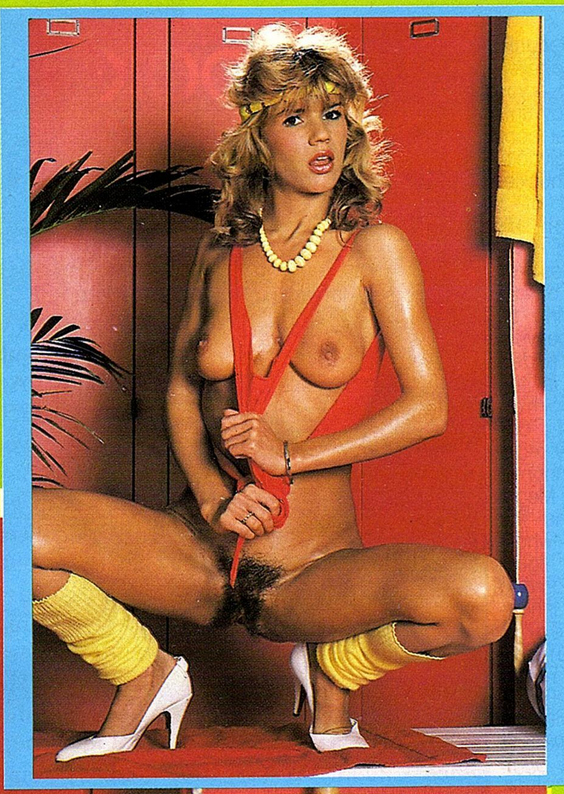

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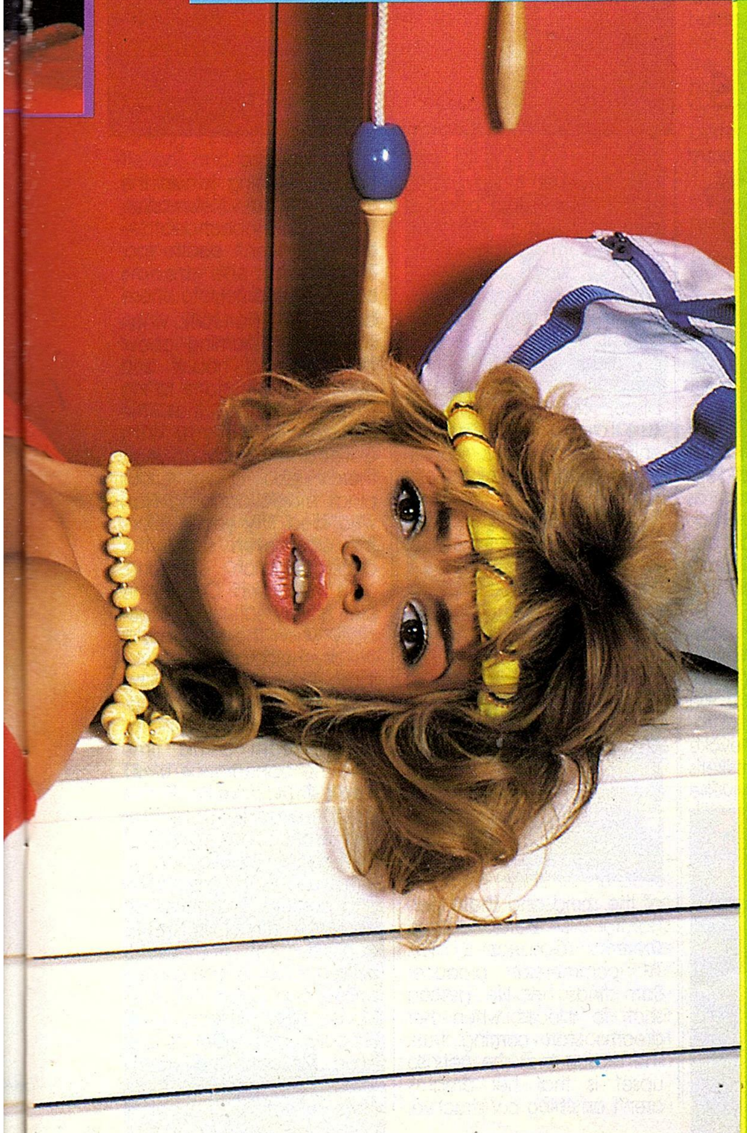

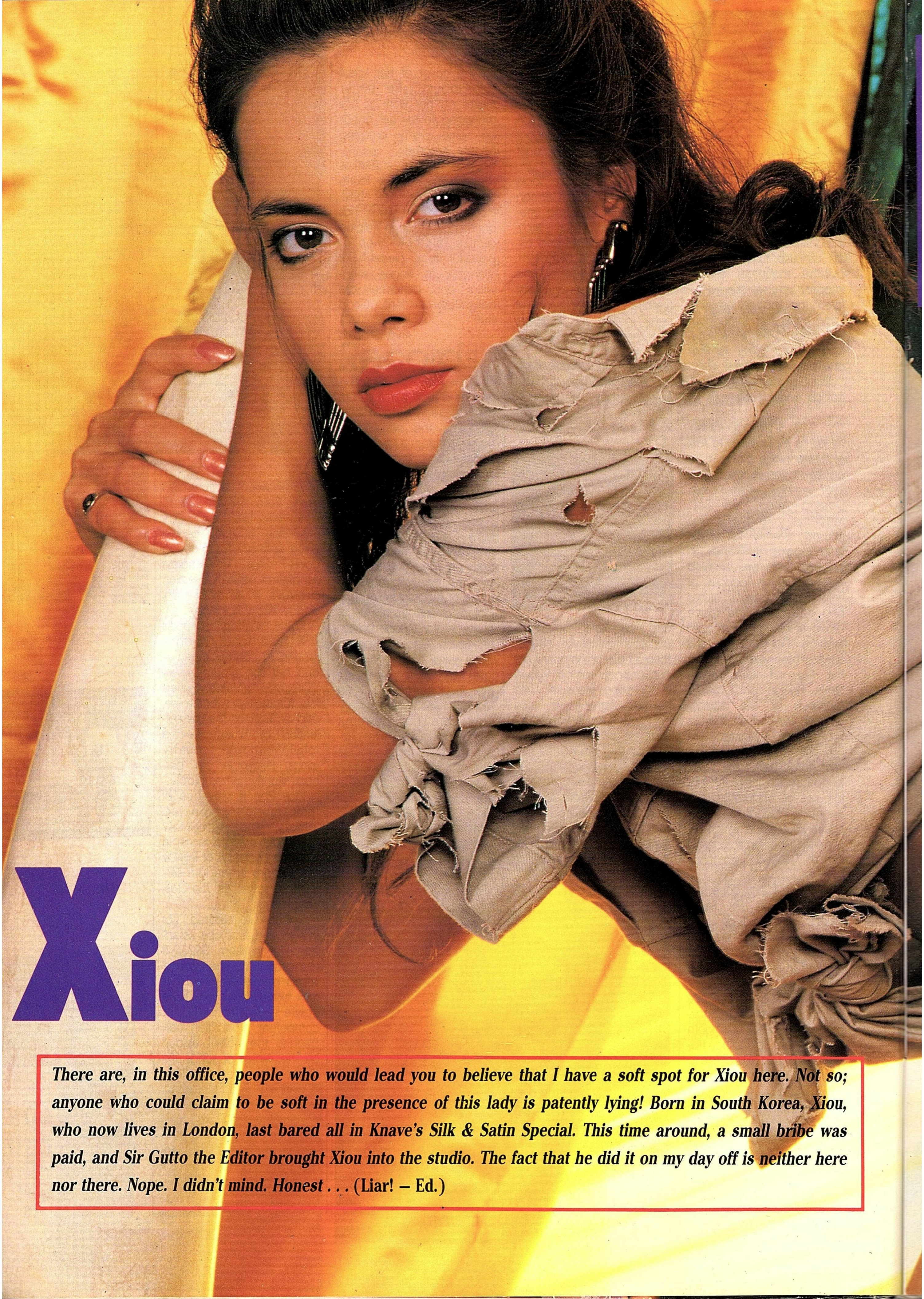

Xiou

There are, in this office, people who would lead you to believe that I have a soft spot for Xiou here. Not so; anyone who could claim to be soft in the presence of this lady is patently lying! Born in South Korea, Xiou, who now lives in London, last bared all in Knave's Silk & Satin Special. This time around, a small bribe was paid, and Sir Gutto the Editor brought Xiou into the studio. The fact that he did it on my day off is neither here nor there. Nope. I didn't mind. Honest . . . (Liar! – Ed.)

Xiou

Photographed by Austin Legrew

Melissa

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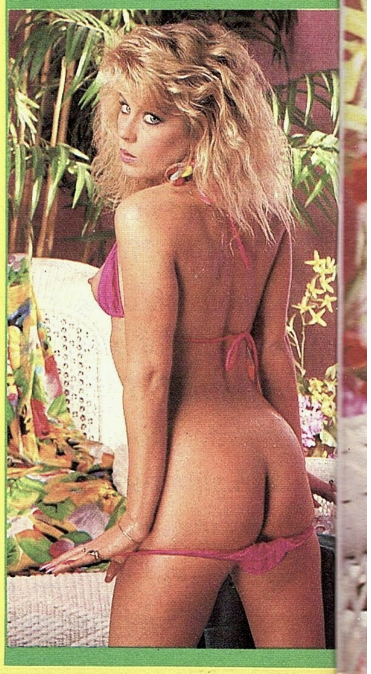
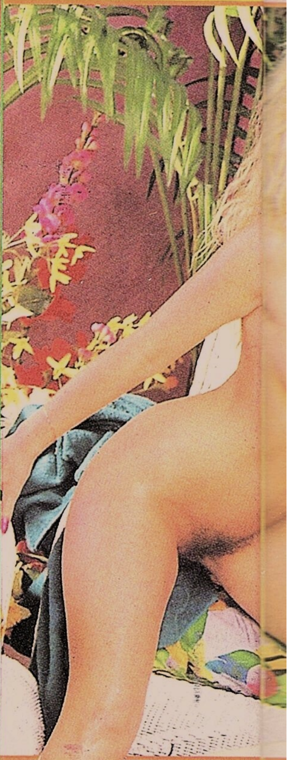
Dripping with sweat from what was obviously a very hard aerobics session, we have Melissa. According to the meagre information I was given, she used to work as a legal secretary for a law firm in San Diego. Until ace snapper and talent spotter Bruce Kennedy had to sort out a legal matter (I told him to get his visa sorted out! — Ed.), *and bumped into her. Taken by Melissa's obvious charms, it was the work of mere seconds to get her to sign a contract more binding than super-glue: an agreement to appear in Knave!*



Photographed by Bruce Kennedy



Annabelle

"Of course," said Annabelle, sweeping a hand around the room, "this used to be a barn." Very interesting. But out of camera shot, that was painfully obvious. I can't abide women who don't clean up household dirt like straw, horse droppings and saddles. "Daddy paid," the dark-haired beauty explained. One of the hazards of having rich parents, I suppose. Still, as soon as she took her clothes off, the place became more inviting. It's a rare gift that, the ability to make a house feel like a home . . .

Photographed by Hubert Toyot

THE SEARCH FOR A STAR!

The Quest Continues! We're always on the lookout for girls to become Knave Amateur Models. If you like the idea, then simply fill in the form at the end of this section, and send it, along with some photos of yourself — at least two full nude, front and back views — to the address on the form.

INTRODUCING OUR AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH . . .

ANDREA

We seem to get a fair old mix of girls here at Knave. For instance, Andrea Kelly, this month's Amateur Model, works for an auctioneers in Manchester. She was the perfect person to give us a valuation on the XS Editor's socks. We had no idea just how old they were! "Pre-war, certainly," said Andrea. "Is that First or Second?" enquired Sir Gutto. "Oh no, I meant the Boer War," laughed Andrea. So, if you're planning a holiday in London, why not pop into the Imperial War Museum and see the XS Editor's socks . . .

Photographed by James Freeman

MODELS WANTED!

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date Photos Taken ....

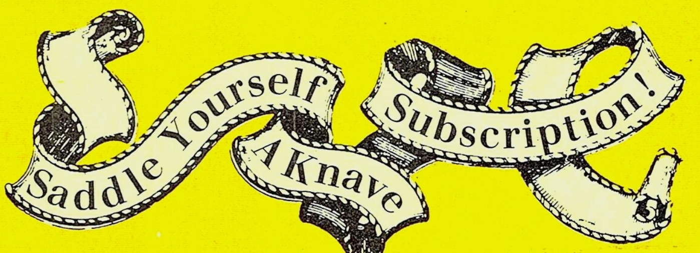
Signature ....

Send to: K.A.M.F., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premiers a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!

Don't Just Sit There, Pardner!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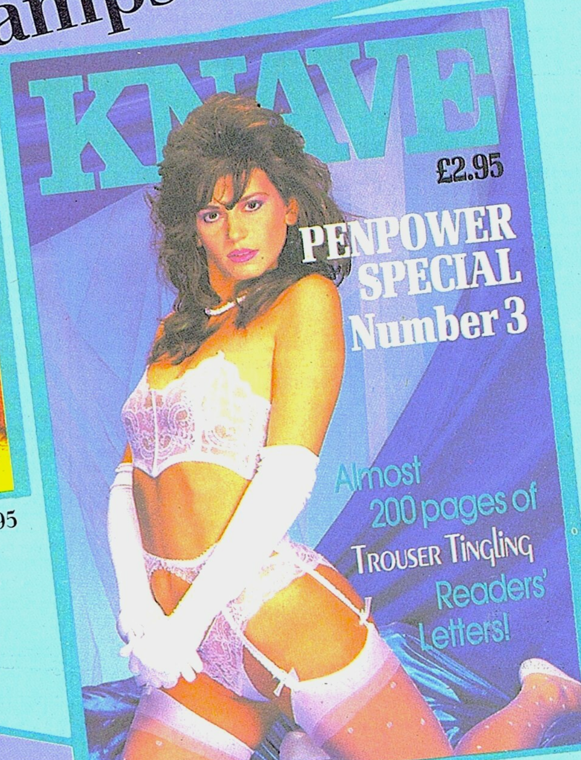
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Knight Sight

Good Morrow, serfs! Welcome to Knight Sight, the bit where I have my say about the lusty young wenches you will shortly feast your eyes upon. Oh, pardon me, I haven't even introduced myself yet! My name is Sir Porkalot, cousin to the aptly named Sir Lancealot, knight in tarnished armour, drunken oaf, and a true Knave. All you loyal subjects out there need someone of incredible sexual prowess and embarrassingly large genitalia to lead you through this veritable forest of fanny and point out the best pieces of foliage . . . So I must take myself in hand, and pass my semi-Royal judgement on the luscious ladies. Bring on the women!

DOUBLE TOP

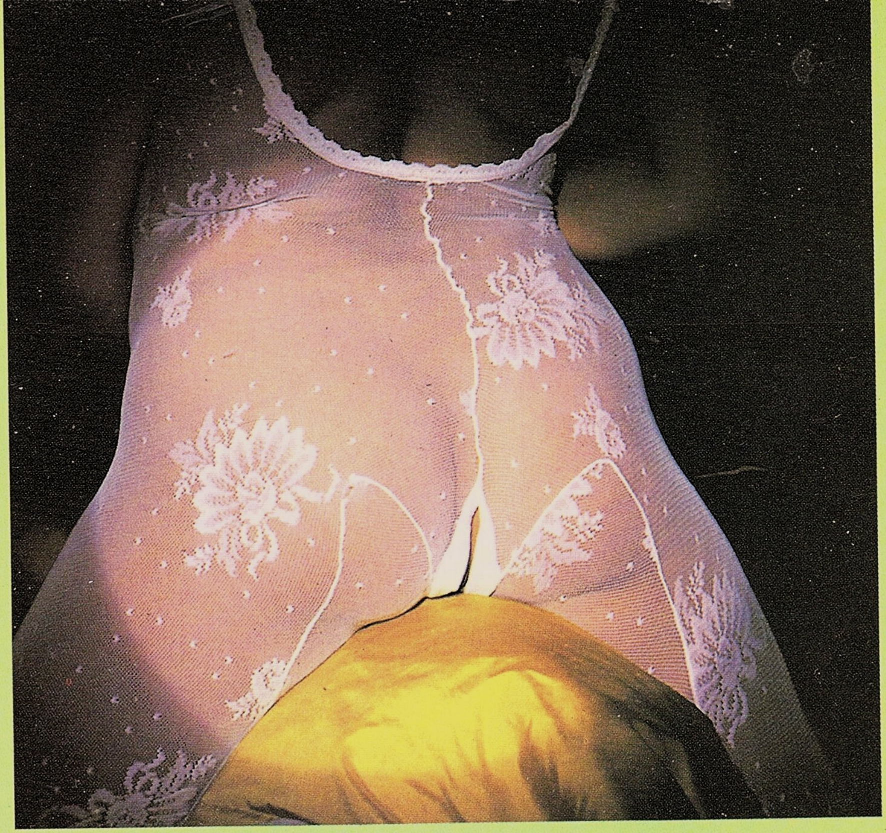
Four tits? What is this, I asked myself? A maid with a quartet of top bollocks? Have we acquired a mutant from one of the strange tapes so often shown to me by our slavering video correspondent, Sir Spitton of the House of Grave? Is it even an uncommon outbreak of witchcraft, perchance?

Adopting my spectacles (mayhap it really can send you blind), I see that the mystery of Candy is explained by nothing more outlandish than a full-length mirror — a double helping of Candy, in fact. I should have known. After all, if women came in four-breasted varieties, surely men would have been designed with two pairs of hands.

ILLEGAL ENTRY

Kneeling in apparent supplication at a white wickerwork wotnot is Melissa — or even Melisssa, as it says on my copy of the picture blurb. I think the Assistant Editor, Sir Neverhad of the House of Jimmy, was too busy crying "woof, woof" to concentrate on his spelling at the time, though I cannot tell why — she looketh like no dog to me.

Apparently the photographer found her working in an attorney's office in San Diego. Doubtless she immediately spotted that his intentions were more awful than lawful, but as you can see, she cast her briefs aside for him nevertheless. Methinks I should take out an immediate injunction of restraint.



WINDOW SHOPPING

At first I thought it was one of those trick photographical images. I have seen them on what I believe are called video recordings of *Ask The Family*. What is it? Which way up does it go? Then it came to me in a thunderflash. Why, it is a spotlit view of Wendy's bottom clad in some strange modern set of hosiery — not the sort of thing Robert Robinson would flash before the public at all.

She was in the garment, "Before we could even say 'I'll do up the buttons on the crotch,'" says the blurbist. As a matter of fact, doing up crotch buttons is one of the aptitude tests job applicants take at Galaxy. Others are reading *Fiesta* letters without moving your lips, buying a round at the Grievous Bodily Arms, and putting a stamp on an envelope — remembering to lick the side with glue on it. Those who fail are made *XS* Editor.

This explains one thing. Apparently what Wendy is wearing was, "previously the *XS* Editor's net curtains." Only he could have bought windows shaped like that!

PROFESSIONAL FOULS

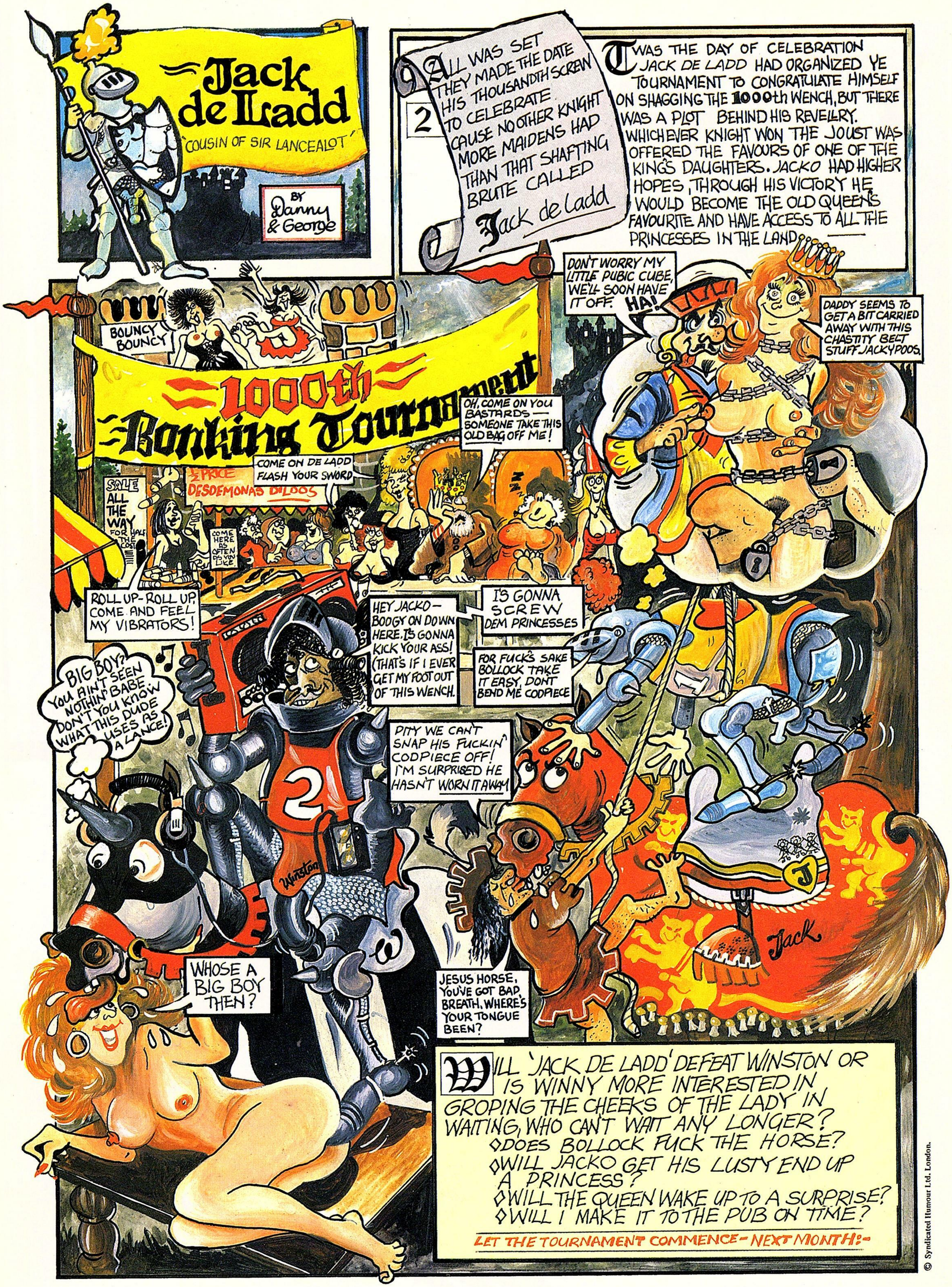
I know that Melissa is the one who works for a legal firm, but it is Fay who appears to have been called to the bar — in this case, though, it is part of the equipment in a football club's locker room.

Quite how Fay came to be baring her bum at Grimstead Rovers is difficult to say, though it suggests the Editor was bent on indulging two of his interests at one time — gawping at damsels in deshabille and stealing used jockstraps. Whatever, the explanation, I do know that Sir Gutto offered to demonstrate the art of the 'nutmeg' to his captive model. All too aware, no doubt, of just what it was that the wizard dribbler wanted to slip between her legs, Fay showed a deft touch at raising her knee and swiftly demonstrated to the bibulous buffoon an alternative meaning for a 'dead ball situation'.

ONLY WORDS . . .

Andrea Kelly is this month's Amateur Model. She is the one wrapped in a pink negligee thingy, vampish look on her face, tits straining to be released from a lacy-topped white brassiere. Lots for an Assistant Editor to knock together a blurb from, you might think; plenty of room for an unfettered imagination to run amok in wishful but sweaty sexual scenarios; bountiful terrain for the erotically fanciful mind to drive itself along the arterial highway to rapturous delirium.

That's what I'd have reckoned, anyway. *He* rambles on about the *XS* Editor's cheesy socks. Odds soddin' bodkins! You just can't get the staff these days . . .


Jack de Ladd
"COUSIN OF SIR LANCEALOT"
BY Danny & George
2
ALL WAS SET THEY MADE THE DATE HIS THOUSANDTH SCREW TO CELEBRATE CAUSE NO OTHER KNIGHT MORE MAIDENS HAD THAN THAT SHAFTING BRUTE CALLED Jack de Ladd
TWAS THE DAY OF CELEBRATION JACK DE LADD HAD ORGANIZED YE TOURNAMENT TO CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON SHAGGING THE 1000th WENCH, BUT THERE WAS A PLOT BEHIND HIS REVELLRY. WHICHEVER KNIGHT WON THE JOUST WAS OFFERED THE FAVOURS OF ONE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS. JACKO HAD HIGHER HOPES, THROUGH HIS VICTORY HE WOULD BECOME THE OLD QUEEN'S FAVOURITE AND HAVE ACCESS TO ALL THE PRINCESSES IN THE LAND....
BOUNCY BOUNCY
1000th Bonking Tournament
DON'T WORRY MY LITTLE PUBIC CUBE, WE'LL SOON HAVE IT OFF. HA!
DADDY SEEMS TO GET A BIT CARRIED AWAY WITH THIS CHASTITY BELT STUFF JACKYPOOS.
OH, COME ON YOU BASTARDS — SOMEONE TAKE THIS OLD BAG OFF ME!
COME ON DE LADD FLASH YOUR SWORD
½ PRICE DESDEMONAS DILDOS
SALE ALL THE WAY FOR HALF THE COST
COME HERE AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE
ROLL UP - ROLL UP, COME AND FEEL MY VIBRATORS!
HEY JACKO — BOOGY ON DOWN HERE. I'S GONNA KICK YOUR ASS! (THAT'S IF I EVER GET MY FOOT OUT OF THIS WENCH.
I'S GONNA SCREW DEM PRINCESSES
FOR FUCK'S SAKE BOLLOCK TAKE IT EASY, DON'T BEND ME CODPIECE
BIG BOY? YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' BABE DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS DUDE USES AS A LANCE!
PITY WE CAN'T SNAP HIS FUCKIN' CODPIECE OFF! I'M SURPRISED HE HASN'T WORN IT AWAY
2
Winston
J
Jack
WHOSE A BIG BOY THEN?
JESUS HORSE, YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH, WHERE'S YOUR TONGUE BEEN?
WILL 'JACK DE LADD' DEFEAT WINSTON OR IS WINNY MORE INTERESTED IN GROPING THE CHEEKS OF THE LADY IN WAITING, WHO CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER?
◇ DOES BOLLOCK FUCK THE HORSE?
◇ WILL JACKO GET HIS LUSTY END UP A PRINCESS?
◇ WILL THE QUEEN WAKE UP TO A SURPRISE?
◇ WILL I MAKE IT TO THE PUB ON TIME?
LET THE TOURNAMENT COMMENCE - NEXT MONTH!-

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Knight Sight

THE FINAL FRONTIER

I know that applications have closed for the job of Britain's first astronaut — egad, there's something unseemly about the idea of a subject of this realm flitting about in space — but I wonder if I couldn't tempt our Soviet friends to hold back for a moment and reconsider, because I have an ideal candidate for the job.

Now, I will admit that our esteemed Editor, Sir Gutto of the House of Beer, might be said to fall a little short on one or two of the preferred qualifications. The organizers are looking for someone between 21 and 40, very fit, holding a science degree and speaking a foreign language. Sir Gutto would surely need some allowance made on the question of fitness, but he can still take a flight of stairs without stopping for more than two breathers. It might also stretch the entry criteria somewhat to count fluent gibberish as a true foreign language.

However, as far as anyone can tell he falls within the age criteria, and his BSc from Asphalt University in Waistline Expansion Coefficients certainly fits the bill. I am sure, too, that the bottomless coffers of Lord Galaxy would be made available to sponsor the trip, taking ample advantage of the opportunity to display brand names on the astronaut, space and launch vehicles. The 'Knave Orbiter', perhaps; the 'Fiestanaut'; or with characteristic wit and subtlety, the 'XS Fuck Me What A Whooper' rocket. If all else failed, I am sure that the Grievous Bodily Arms might persuade Scrundles brewery that our hero was a supremely fitting advertising medium for *Peculiar Old Throbber* and its beneficial qualities.

I realise that it is asking a great deal of the Soviets to take our beloved chief into space, but they can take it from his staff that their unanimous opinion is that it would be the perfect place for him . . .

DOWN AND OUT . . .

Why is this wench seeminly attempting an Arnie Atlas number with her chest, I wonder, with that may well be a bosom-based version of a Bullworker? Who can tell. What I do know is that her name is Annabelle, and that the natural stone look of her surroundings — familiar to anyone of my vintage — are explained by the venue once having been a barn.

"I can't abide women who don't clean up household dirt like straw, horse droppings and saddles," says the blurbist, which probably explains why the rotund Editor, Sir Gutto of the House of Beer, employed Annabelle — that is just how he *does* like them. Once she divested herself, however, the blurb author admits that it is at once made him feel at home. Funny — these pictures look as unlike a cardboard box on the Victoria Embankment as almost anything I could imagine.

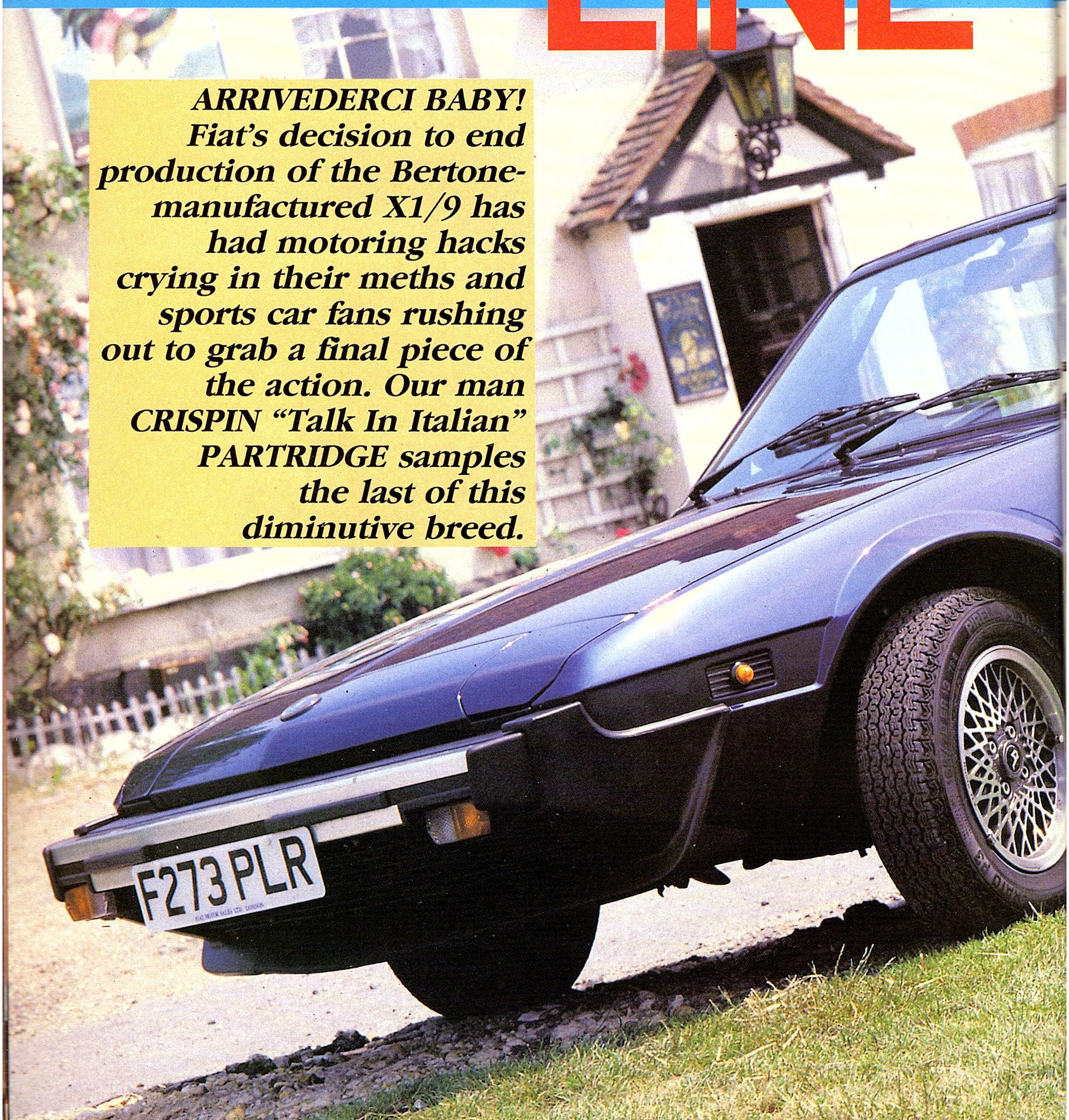
EASTERN PROMISES

When it comes to studio managers, it does seem to be a case of *plus ca change, plus c'est la même chose*. The Editor mumbles through his alcholic haze something to the effect that he is anticipating a really horny shoot out of Xiou, and the Brain Of Galaxy trundles off to the props warehouse and comes back with a set of elephant's tusks.

Xiou (I surmise it is pronounced approximately as 'shoo', so I expect the ivory counts as Xiou horns) is a Londoner of Korean origin, which proved the source of some misunderstanding when the blurbist happened to metion that he felt a useful Korea opportunity coming on. Suffering from one of his frequent bouts of selective cretinism, Sir Gutto handed the poor man his P45 and wished him the best of fortune in his new job. Judging by this blurb, it was probably a blessing in disguise!

END OF THE LINE

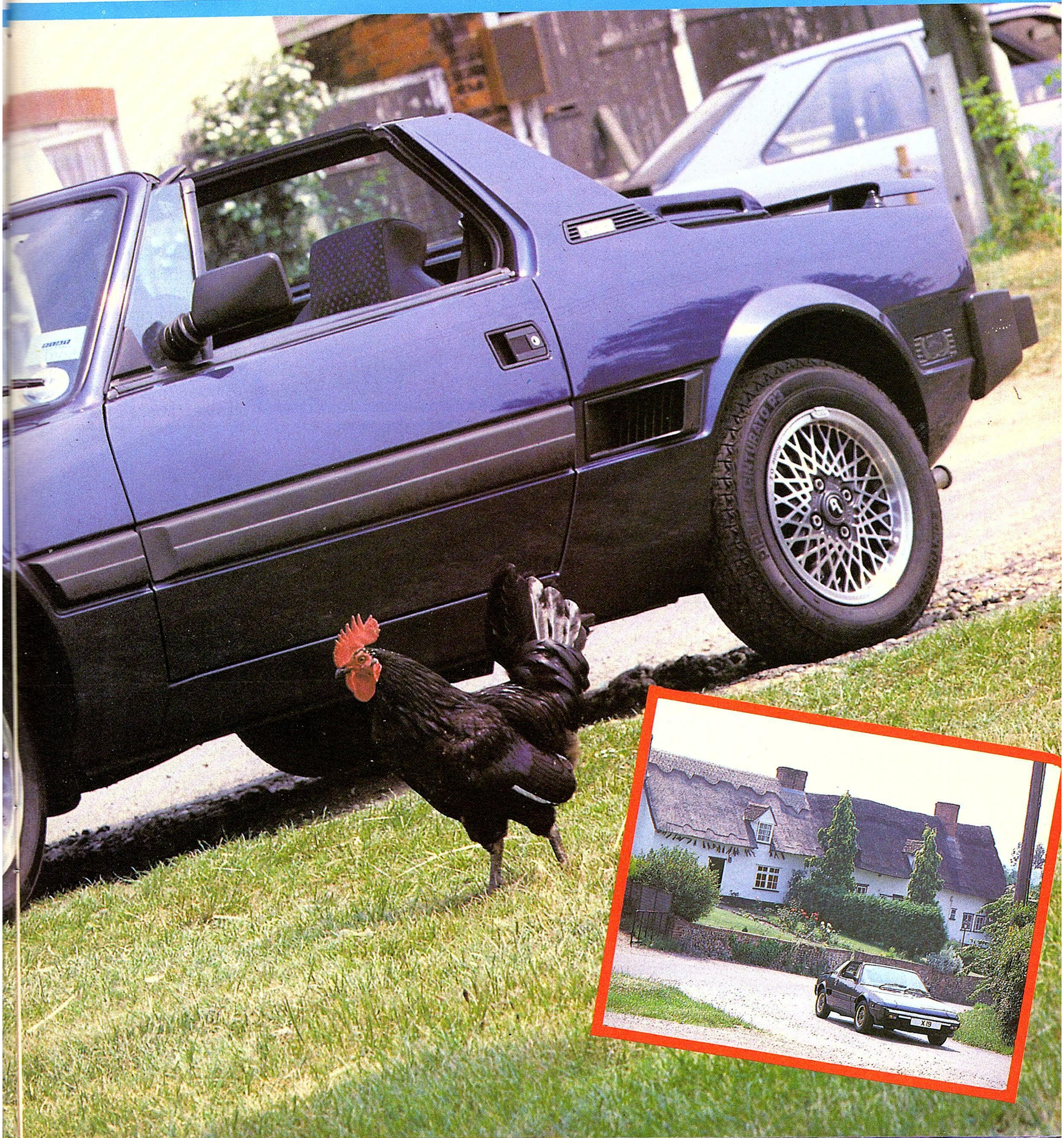
ARRIVEDERCI BABY! Fiat's decision to end production of the Bertone-manufactured X1/9 has had motoring hacks crying in their meths and sports car fans rushing out to grab a final piece of the action. Our man CRISPIN "Talk In Italian" PARTRIDGE samples the last of this diminutive breed.



So the X1/9 is dead, and with its passing comes the virtual end of the cheap European sports car as we know it. A continent which once echoed to the sound of rasping exhausts matched to cars bearing famous names like Triumph, MG and Austin Healey, has now all but given up the ghost of providing affordable, mass-produced two-seaters.

Such unique and individualistic creations are now the stock in trade of the hand-built specialist. Companies like Reliant, Caterham and, to a lesser extent, TVR, have all but taken over where the likes of MG and Triumph left off. The volume manufacturers have long since switched their allegiance to tweaked and tarted-up versions of more mainstream fare; reasoning, somewhat arrogantly, that modern man wants practicality as well as performance from his motor. Fiat's tiny rear-wheel-drive racer is, in every respect,"the end of the line."

In fact, the X1/9 has always been more about character than 0-60 figures — and this despite the resident, "poor man's Ferrari" tag. It was, above all else, a survivor. Like that other retainer of bugs-in-the-teeth days gone by, the MGB, Fiat's terrier-like creation lingered longer than most. Towards the end of its life it tended to soldier on in contempt of more capable competition, yet it never lost its essential poise and stature. Like some gracefully ageing tennis star retired to the sunny climes of the Big Sur on a coaching ticket, it retained the wherewithal to teach the



fundamentals of the game to up-and-coming hopefuls. When the end came, it came with dignity.

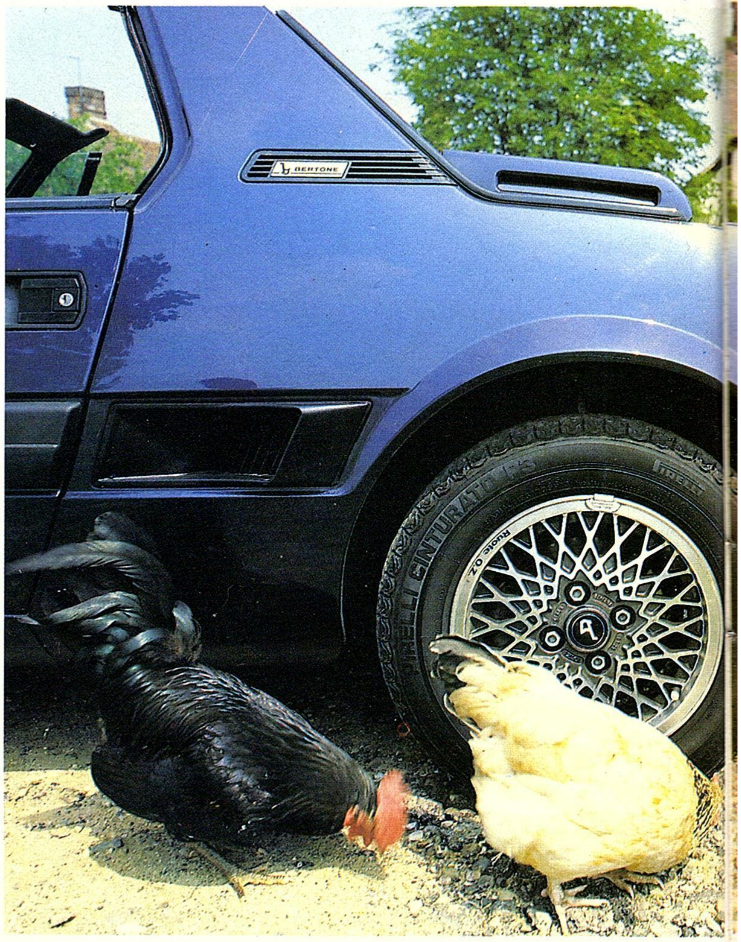
The reasons behind the enduring success of Fiat's 17-year-old veteran are not difficult to pinpoint. X1/9 was the world's first — and for many years its only — volume produced mid-engined sports car. With its in-line four tucked way down behind the seats, the supercar-on-a-shoestring boasted the kind of road manners, commensurate with its even weight distribution, normally the privilege of more exotic machinery. In short, it brought the excitement of 'midships motoring to the masses.

> *"The volume manufacturers have long since switched to more mainstream fare."*

The car first saw the light of day in the early 70s, though Fiat had kicked around the idea of a transverse rear-engined sports car long before the X1/9 raised its pop-up headlamps. In 1964 they commissioned the prolific Dante Giacosa — the engineer behind such Fiat successes as the 1100, the 125 and the much-loved 500 — to develop a one-off based on Autobianchi running gear. But it was Bertone's startling "Runabout" concept car for the 1969 Turin Show — a kind of futuristic low-profile beach buggy — that proved the true forerunner of the X1/9.

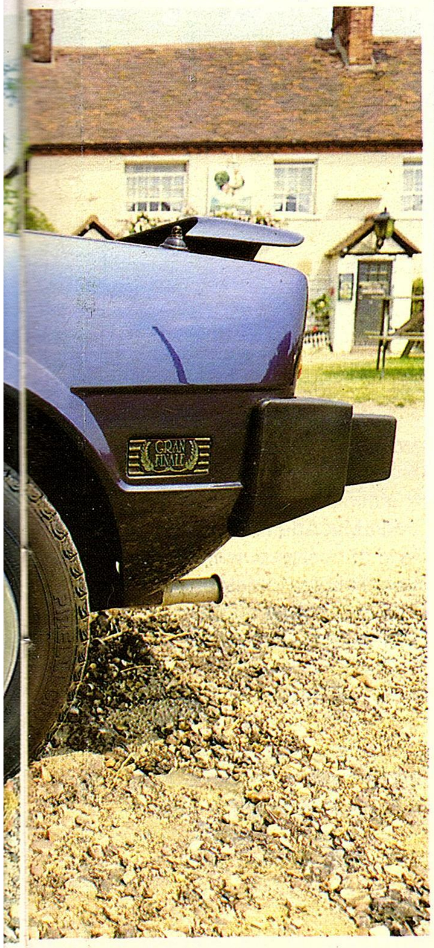
Project X1/9, finalised in mid-1970, called for ace Italian styling house Bertone to produce the bodyshell, painted and trimmed, while the manufacturer would supply mechanical bits from existing models. The final bolting together would take place at Fiat's famous Lingotto plant in Turin — now the home of the Italian Motor Show. The car was to be launched on the home market toward the end of 1972.

Originally, Fiat had hoped to equip their distinctive new model with the free-revving 1608cc twin-cam from the 125, but after numerous failed attempts to shoe-horn the lusty lump into the X1/9's restricted engine bay, the plan was dropped. Eventually



someone had the smart idea of using the "house" 1300 and the four-speed box from Fiat's former Car of the Year, the 128, and it was this combination which powered the sprightly Italian through countless adventures during the first six years of its life.

The X1/9's unmistakable styling, compact dimensions and clever stowage facilities for the targa top quickly established it among sports car enthusiasts starved of good, affordable playthings. After a slow start, production leapt to 9,480 by the end of Year Two.

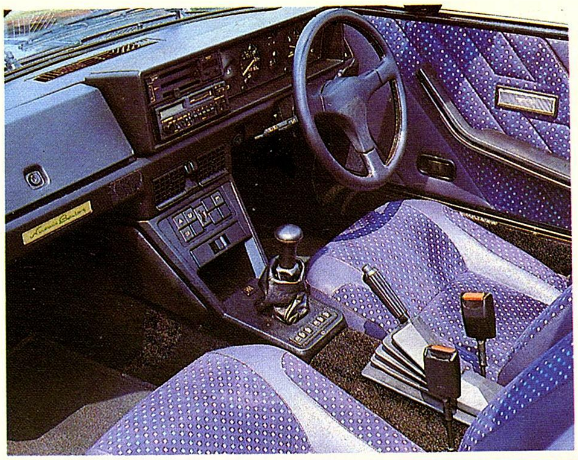


The real breakthrough came in 1974 when Fiat launched the car into the States. The wedge-shaped "Fee-at" took the US sportster market by storm. In the first year alone some 20,000 were built, many finding their way onto the driveways of fun-loving Americanos. The flip side to this success were those ungainly Federal bumpers, fitted to satisfy American safety legislation. They did nothing for the X1/9's well-proportioned lines, largely the work of Marcello Gandini, the styling genius behind the awesomely extrovert Lamborghini Countach.

Early UK imports were left-hookers, but from 1977 Fiat began shipping over right-hand-drive models. The move paid off, the importer selling some 1,943 cars in the first year. As UK buyers began to warm to the machine's unique combination of supercar manners and rocket shopper compactness, the cult of X1/9 was born. Before you could say, "Just one Cornetto," the Brits had taken Gandini's diminutive creation to their hearts — the car inheriting the mantle of, "The definitive small production sports car," from Colin Chapman's Lotus Elan.

The importance of the UK market to Fiat's mid-engined baby was reflected in 1978 when the new X1/9 1500 five-speed made its world debut at the Brum Motor Show. The much-needed extra urge and fifth gear of the Strada/Ritmo powertrain gave the car something of the power and sophistication its chassis deserved, a fact borne out when sales passed the 2,000 mark in 1979 — the X1/9's best ever year in the UK.

Between September 1981 and Spring 1982, Fiat transferred all production of the specialist machine to coachbuilders Bertone in much the same way as Pininfarina had taken over manufacture of the no-less legendary Fiat Spider. From then on sales inevitably experienced something of a decline as its 1.5 litre power source was gradually outclassed as the multi-valve technology of the East and faster, more sohisticated machinery — most notably the Toyota MR2 — came on the scene. Nevertheless, 180,000 sales worldwide for a niche market model like the X1/9 isn't bad going, not



BERTONE
TORINO

when you bear in mind that the vehicle was sourced almost entirely from the Fiat parts bin.

In Britain, too, the car's success has been nothing short of remarkable. By the end of May this year, Fiat (UK) had sold 15,102 X1/9s, the limited edition, "Gran Finale" being expected to take total registrations higher still.

It's fitting, then, that our final special edition X1/9 was produced exclusively for the UK market. With its upholstery trimmed in Alcantara (a kind of fake suede), and shimmering Mica blue paintwork, the "Gran Finale" looks every bit the collector's item it very obviously is. There are even spoked alloy wheels, a rear spoiler and the odd "Gran Finale" badge here and there to distinguish it from lesser examples of the breed. That's in addition to the usual complement of internally-adjustable door mirrors and electric windows.

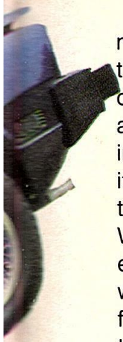
The X1/9 is all about nostalgia, and driving the last of the line the memories come flooding back. Images of balmy, barmy days spent high on adrenalin, fresh air and exhaust fumes. Amorous encounters in a near pristine example while holidaying just outside Naples. Long hot summers spent "opposite locking" through rivulets of Surrey B-road, dodging cyclists, the school bus, the learner in the beaten up old Moggy Minor who mistook the Torino tearaway for a parking space.

Twelve years on from its debut on British soil, the X1/9 can still provide you with about as much fun as you can have with your stringbacks on. The driving position is excellent, rather better for "Italian Monkeys" with their short legs and innordinately lengthy arms, but only less so for the long-limbed Cris P. Once installed in the close-fitting 70s cockpit, you're in no doubt that you're there for a purpose. The name of the game is press-on motoring. The whole boy racer bit. Accompanied by the gruff rumblings of one of the most outspoken internal combustion engines ever to assail a driver's aural extremities.

If you believe the cacophony is the foretaste of true supercar performance, or you've spent your hard-earned savings on the 85bhp Bertone baby in the hope that it will blast all the other riff-raff off the Queen's Highway — you're daft. In terms of 0-60 times and terminal velocity (around 10.0secs and 108mph for our test special), the X1/9 is actually rather tame. You get better outright performance from a Datsun Sunny Coupé. No, the real draw is the way the thing handles on the John MacAdam. If you're the kind of customer who is used to a diet of understeer — and that means just about everyone buying a family car in Britain today — the One-niner will blow your brain cells.

"Fiat's tiny rear-wheel-drive racer is in every respect, 'the end of the line.'"

Cornering forces in this car are something tangible. They build steadily to the point where you feel like someone has taken a rivet gun to your

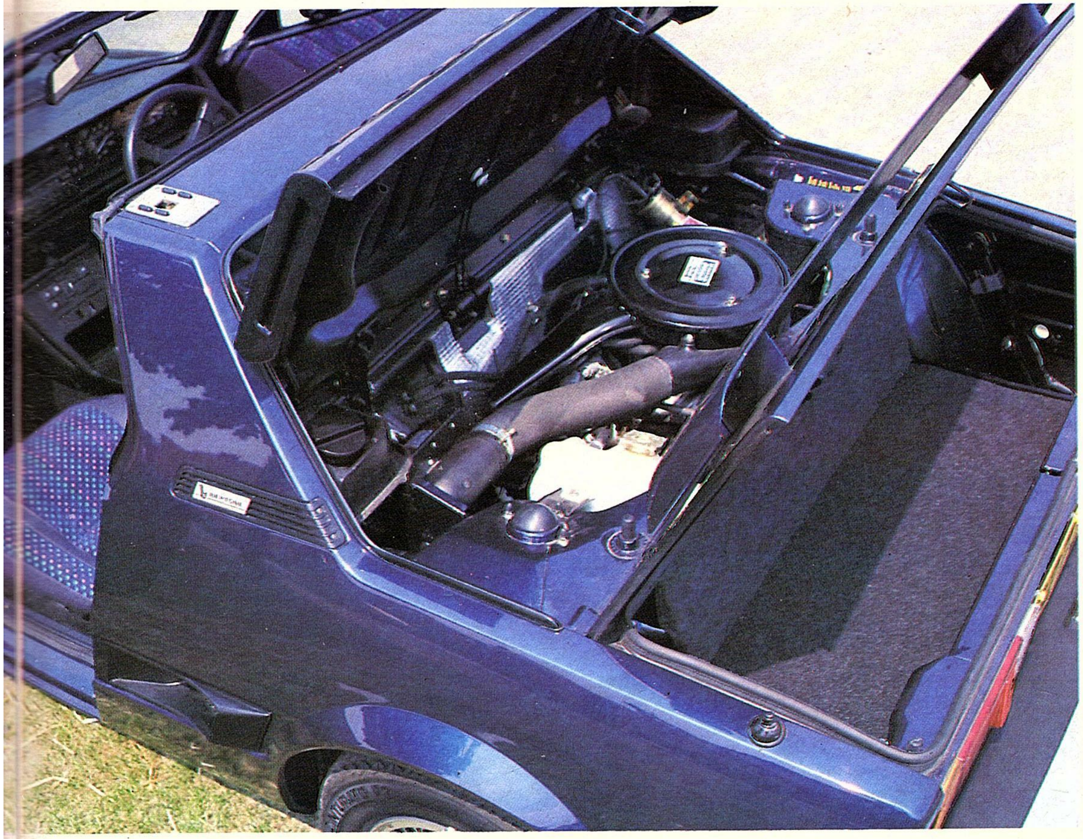


nether regions and stapled them piecemeal to the chassis. Push it to the limit and slight understeer will set in, the car then balancing itself, tail tucking in, before the final drift into oversteer. We know from past experience that a damp road will tend to introduce other factors — like a tendency to twitch out of line: fear and a change of trews for the driver — but before the heavens open, this enthusiast's machine is as predictable as your average very-boring-mobile. The well-chosen gear ratios add to its appeal as a driver's car.

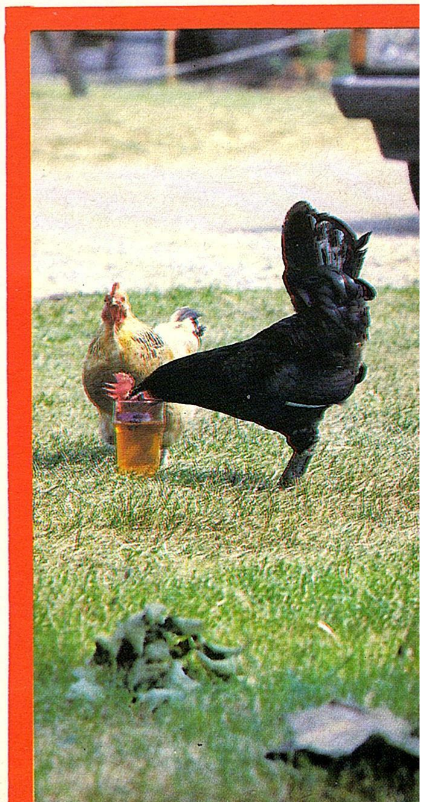
At the same time, the highly responsive steering and reasonably effective brakes help justify the selection of the X1/9 as an everyday machine for a two-person family. Minus points? The lumpy "Old Fiat" gearchange — particularly first to second — and the habit the car has of cutting out at the first set of traffic lights when starting from cold. Even fuel economy is good. What more can you ask for?!

Such is the exhilaration of piloting Fiat's mid-engined marvel at speed around leafy dells and country tracks that you're even inclined to overlook its few follies and foibles. The position of the instruments for example — great if you're auditioning for the re-make of *"The Man With X-Ray Eyes"*, but otherwise a real cornea popper. Half the dials obscured by the wheel rim, a trip meter which is all but useless, being wiped out by the foot of the speed needle. You have to slow down just to see what distance you've covered! And because the Eyeties haven't spent a "penne" of late on developing or even up-grading their characterful creation, the whole fascia has a kind of, "All Our Yesterdays" rough-and-readiness which wouldn't be out of place in an FSO or Lada. As for cubby holes and room for tapes, coins and oddments — forget it. You'll find more space up a Scotsman's (*Steady! My Assistant Editor's a Jock! — Ed.*)

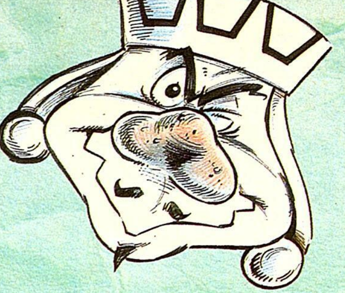
The other drawback is the sheer weight of the X1/9's targa top. The basic principle is faultless — two catches on the top of the windscreen unclip, allowing the panel to slide free of its securing points on the roll-over bar and then hidden away in what would normally be the engine bay — but for anyone slighter of stature than Arnie Schwarzenegger's gym coach, the thing is about as manageable as a sackful of sheep's unpardonables. Call me a wimp — call me Crispin if necessary — but you try getting the lid off without gouging out great hunks of Italian paintwork!



No matter. At just over £10,000, the last-of-the-line "Gran Finale" special is the kind of car you'll look back on one day and say, "I wish I'd bought one." By the time you read this obituary, Bertone will have closed the book on X1/9 production and the Slough-based importer will have moved on to bigger if not better things — 16-valve Tipos and other mainstream creations. Another, possibly the final, chapter will have been written in the decline of affordable European sports car. One thing is certain: there never was a car quite like the X1/9. And there never will be.



WHAT'S Your Problem?



We want you to air yours. Problems, that is. At absolutely no expense, we've hired one the the best Agony Aunts in the business, BETTE NOIRE. So, if your penis is developing a strange fungi unkown to horticulture, and your labia hang down to your ankles, then you're a very well hung man with a vagina, and obviously need the help of our problem lady. But please, genuine problems only, to: What's Your Problem?, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Dear lads, a few figures — of the black-and-white kind — to cheer up your day. Want to know the parts that women would rather reach? You'd be surprised — but, in Ms. Noire's never-ending quest to inform on the mysteries of womanhood, read on . . . 39% of women surveyed (aged 16-upwards), admire the buttocks of a man. 15% a slim-ish body, 11% their eyes, 5% tallness and — surprise — only 2% gave a toss about a large penis. Muscular chest and shoulders? A measly 1%. Muscular arms — a flat zero. The other 27%? "Other". Hmm . . . Legs? Neck? Ears? You're on your own, there . . . Now what do women like *best* about sex? Over 600 women replied. Physical contact? 23%. Reaching a climax? 23%. Emotional intimacy a close third with 22%, while sharing *your* pleasure accounted for 17%. Pleasurable feelings 9%, and intercourse? A whopping 6%! Just goes to show: you think you know women, and there they go. Mysterious sex, aren't we?

Remember I warned you enthusiastic bikers that too much cycling could numb your juicy parts? Well, the British Medical Journal have made it official, now: the pressure of hard, narrow saddles on long-distance rides can cause short-term impotence! Ride your girlfriends instead!

Q: Why is it that whenever I finish one of my marathons (I'm a bike fan), I find that I've lost some feeling in my cock? It doesn't last very long, but I have to admit that I get rather worried whenever it happens. I wear the usual bike/exercise gear, which is supportive, so I don't think it's that at fault. Should I see my GP? I certainly don't plan on giving up my free-wheeling ways! — A.E., Humberside.

A: You don't have to. It's simple: there's been pressure underneath your balls for a period of time, that's all, which causes numbness. Blame it on the saddle.

Q: The woman I'm seeing is worried that she'll get pregnant. (She's already had an abortion). She's afraid that her diaphragm won't be reliable enough. As a result, she's not really able to let herself enjoy lovemaking, and it's cramping our style! What should she do? — B.N., Yeovil.

A: One thing you can both do is concentrate on non-intercourse sex for a few weeks (It will remind you of the other delicious things about sex you might have forgotten about). It will take the pressure off her — she's got to face her own conflicts, because they're obviously still there. Give her a little time, because it sounds from your letter that the abortion was pretty recent. Then tell her to get herself over to her GP or gynaecologist and either get all the information she needs about her diaphragm to reassure her, or else discuss other forms of contraception. (Maybe in conjunction with a condom?)

Q: I've read somewhere that simultaneous orgasm creates a much better situation for pregnancy — that is, when a woman is in the fertile part of her cycle. Is this true? — A.K., Wigan.

A: Nope. The body doesn't care if your moans come *a cappella*, one after the other, or what. As long as they get there. There's a possibility that the chances of conception are greater when she *doesn't* come, since muscle contractions can push sperm out of her vagina. The jury is still out on that one, though. (We love bedroom research).

Q: Any tips to make sex last a little longer? — R.E., Guilford.

A: Change positions, play, tease! Slow the wheel and prolong the squeal, as Don Juan used to say. Experiment with how long you can make things last. You could be in bed for weeks. Bring food.

Q: I was talking about sexual fantasies with a woman I know. She confessed that she often had them — sometimes right in the middle of having it off with someone — and that it didn't really matter who it was. She said she was always turned on by the men she slept with, but still found herself having fantasies from time to time, sometimes with other men's faces. Should I be worried if she does this with me? — P.T., Basingstoke.

A: Not unless it's most of the time! She isn't saying anything out of the ordinary. Everybody does it. Interestingly enough, the older woman, the more often she can have them. What also makes a difference is the number of times you have sex with the same person. The more you know about someone's body, and the more experiences you get from it, the more there is to fantasise about. Familiarity shouldn't breed a threat, unless the *same* name keeps getting shouted out — and it's not yours. She just has a rich imagination. You can always share it by combining something hot between yourselves — maybe plan it, act it out. Rich stuff — have some fun. Besides, the sharing of a fantasy is a nice kind of bond . . .

The Film

HOLLY

From his brother to the richest toughs in Hollywood, no-one wanted a film made about the life and death of John Belushi. From the writer to the producer, the people who made it did not scare easily. They even talked to TONY CRAWLEY.

Michael Chiklis does Belushi's famous 'Killer Bee' in WIRED.

WOOD
Tried To Kill

Belushi gets to the point in 1941.

Four summers ago, a young actor burst into a Hollywood office and demanded to see producer Edward Feldman. "He's gone for the day," said his temporary secretary. The actor brushed past her, charged into the inner office and swept everything off Feldman's desk. "And make sure you tell him I was here," he yelled. The staggered temp. said, "Who *are* you?"

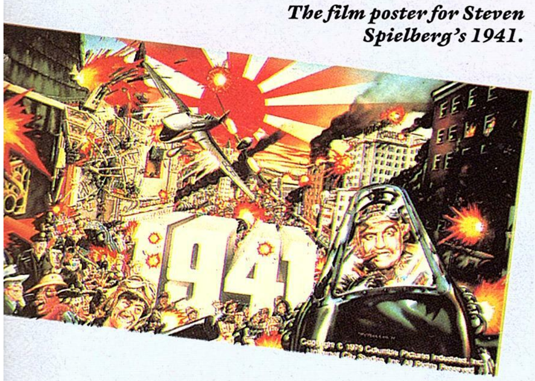
"I think," chuckles Ed Feldman, "he was more angry that she didn't know who he was than anything else."

Not quite. The actor was Jim Belushi and he'd read the script of Feldman's next production — **Wired**. Or, what

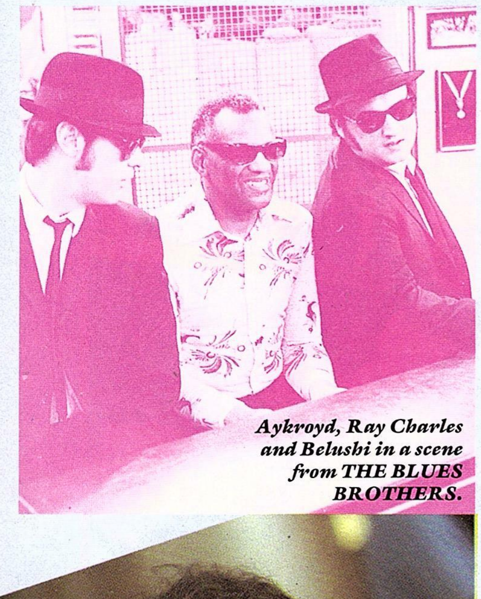
continued on page 32

The Film HOLLYWOOD Tried To Kill

continued from page 31



The film poster for Steven Spielberg's 1941.



Aykroyd, Ray Charles and Belushi in a scene from THE BLUES BROTHERS.

Belushi as Bluto in ANIMAL HOUSE.

The Washington Post's Watergate sleuth Bob Woodward had sub-titled, "the short life and fast times of John Belushi."

A month later, Jim Belushi could have set Knave afire with his views on Woodward and Feldman daring to trash his dead brother. His least incendiary and therefore most printable comment was, "After reading Wired, I believe Nixon was innocent. Does that give you an idea of how I feel?"

Later on, he said, "That fucker, that son of a bitch," (Bob Woodward) should, "burn in hell for what he's done . . . He raped my aggrieved family, my sister-in-law, my friends and the memory of my brother. We should learn from John's experience, but that wasn't a book to learn from." Actually in his book, Woodward said of John, "He made us laugh, now he can make us think."

Jim Belushi was not alone in wanting to abort the film. Except he had no superstar clout. He had a good agent, though. John's agent, Mike Ovitz. At 43, he's the most powerful man in Hollywood. He doesn't run or own a studio (yet), simply heads a talent agency called C.A.A., Creative Artists Agency. Artists like Hoffman, Newman, Madonna, Connery, Streisand, Hackman, Prince, Tina Turner, Oliver Stone, Alan Parker. Plus a number of Belushi cohorts: the other **Blues Brother**, Dan Aykroyd; Lorne Michaels, the producer of **Saturday Night Live**, the TV show that made Belushi a star; and Jim.

And the way Ed Feldman tells it, "A small group of people in Los Angeles — very powerful people — didn't want the movie made. That's their problem. So yeah, we've had a lotta trouble there. But trouble is part of this business."

So, I suggested, was hype. "No, the trouble is true. In Hollywood, the word was put out that this was a project not to be touched. Believe me, that kinda publicity I didn't need. Hollywood gets very nervous when a light is shined on that community. There's a lot of subtext in Belushi's life which they'd prefer was never made, never shown.

"Censorship is just an unecessary part of life. No-one should tell us what kind of movies to make or not make. In the end, the public makes those decisions. It's funny . . . there's been a lotta calamity in Hollywood this past year because of Martin Scorsese's *Last Temptation of Christ.* The very same people who said he should have the right to do his version of the life of Jesus are the people who said we shouldn't have the right to do the life of John Belushi. Jesus, yes — Belushi, no!"

Ah yes, but Jesus didn't have Mike Ovitz for his agent.

"Jim Belushi is very upset — you can't talk rationally to him," adds Feldman. "He can't accept the movie. Maybe he never will — it's *his* brother. He's so crazed about the movie, but he hasn't seen it. If he does, he'll probably be unhappy that his character was left out . . . Dan Aykroyd won't talk to us. He's so disturbed about the movie, he was among those who didn't want it made. I'm sorry if Mr. Aykroyd is unhappy — but that's the way it is.

"You must realise that most actors are like children. When they don't want something done, they scream, rave and rant, hoping it won't get done. But the movie has been made and has to be judged by itself.

"A small group of people in Los Angeles — very powerful people — didn't want the movie made."

Michael Chiklis and Gary Groomes as Belushi and Aykroyd in *Wired.*

Whether people like it or not, I can't say."

Losing one director and at least one actor along the way, it's taken Feldman (producer of Harrison Ford's *Witness*) four years to make **Wired**. "It turned out to be a little ego trip," laughs Feldman. "A matter of power. These people told me not to make the movie. And we made the movie." Today they're saying, "Now you're gonna suffer." And, yes, several distributors pulled out because of pressure. The major companies were afraid to distribute it because they felt they might be cut off from (CAA) talent. One distribution company, Atlantic Entertainment, stood up. The wonderful thing about America is that it's still a free country."

Naturally, Mike Ovitz denies spearheading any campaign to pull the plug on **Wired**. That was not the point of his call to Feldman — "when he told me it wasn't a good idea to make this picture." Ovitz says he was merely passing on some friendly advice. "A lot of people we deal with — clients and non-clients — really didn't want to see John's memory exploited."

It was, perhaps, a good thing that Ovitz did not say 'friends'. **Wired's** author Bob Woodward, half of the Pulitzer Prize winning Woodstein team who toppled Nixon and *All The President's Men*, feels John Belushi probably didn't have enough good friends. "One good friend could have saved him. It's like Richard Nixon could have been saved with one good lawyer!"

One good brother even . . . ? "I'm not going to pinpoint anyone . . . The 70s definition of a friend was: let somebody do their own thing. But if they're destroying themselves, you have a duty to try and stop them." Belushi effectively poured kerosene on himself and ran around town in front of everyone and said: I'm about to light the match. And everyone watched.

"I don't know if anyone could've stopped him. It's real easy in retrospect, knowing the ending, to say: Yes, they should have. There was no way to predict the ending. But isn't it better to over-react? To get the kerosene off somebody, to get him into the hospital, get him some counselling — do something! And risk that you're wrong and not lose him?"

He smiles. "In fact, a lot of friends of mine, suggested I'd poured gasoline on myself by taking up this subject. Because I didn't know anything about it."

continued on page 34

Judy Belushi (Lucinda Jenny) comforts John (Chiklis) in *Wired.*

balding pate and wearing a very **Animal House** toga-like shroud, Michael Chiklis presents a more likeable Belushi than we're used to. Producer Ed Feldman further alienates his enemies by saying, "John Belushi, himself, was not such a nice man. If we had an actor you didn't like from the beginning, it'd be very tough to go with the movie. He wouldn't get much sympathy."

Although like most actors, Chiklis enjoys mucking around with impressions, his Belushi is much more than a Rory Bremner number. "No impersonation could be sustained throughout a feature film," he says. Instead, he presents a fully researched charcaterisation of a man he loved as a kid. As well as the tragic dark side, he recreates various of John's TV comedy routines, The Killer Bee, The Samurai, and, best known in Europe, **The Blues Brothers** — with Gary Groomes as Aykroyd.

There is a woeful absence of other names. John Landis, director of **Animal House** and **The Blues Brothers**, is not referred to by name. Belushi's manager Bernie Brillstien, **Saturday Night Live** allies Chevy Chase and the late Gilda Radner have aliases. No mention of Belushi making **1941** for Spielberg.

"They were never in the script," insists Ed Feldman. "We didn't want to make a drug movie where everybody's walking around in a daze. Gets a little boring. A little drugs goes a long way!"

Patti d'Arbanville, she of the famous Cat Stevens song, had one of the toughest roles in the movie: playing Cathy Smith, the ex-C&W singer and Rolling Stones' groupie who got three years' jail for being 'the source of the poison' — heroin and cocaine spitballs — she injected Belushi with at the Chateau Marmont on the night of March 4, 1982. "I turned the film down five times," Patti admitted. "I was scared of it. Of looking back into my life — as it had been."

Disproving all the weaker sex cliches, however, Patti succeeded where Belushi failed in kicking her habit. At Cannes, she was wholly edible in a low-cut black swimsuit, drawing most eyes to her generously bulging cleavage; other eyes went for her collection of six body tattoos.

With **Wired**, of course, young Michael Chiklis is searching for fame — and is sure he can avoid The Belushi Trap. "I had my drug problems when I was in college. Never heavy drugs. Compared to the quantities John did, I was a novice. Everyone around me was doing drugs. We were experimenting. That was the 70s. No one ever tried to tell someone else what to do with their lives. (He sings), It's my life and I'll do what I want . . ."

As a kid, Chiklis watched **Saturday Night Live** religiously. Belushi was his favourite. "To get an opportunity to play him was scarey! I was a hyper-active kid, so I picked up on his energy. He was so dynamic, amazing. FABULOUS!! So irreverent. (*Pause*). Funny how such an irreverent crowd is so upset by this film! These men were the most irreverant bunch of comedians of all time, now it seems they have their sacred cows.

"I'd love to talk to those guys. I'd love them to see the film! They're all talking about it without having seen it. No-one has seen it until you guys today. I don't want them pronouncing me guilty by association. That isn't fair. I hope they'll see how I approached playing John from a deep place of admiration, respect and love for him."

They'd like Chiklis. He follows the Jim Belushi line about learning from John's experience. "I blame the period, the 70s," says Chiklis. "So many loved ones, and great artists and others have fallen to drugs. This movie says we have to take responsibility not only for our own lives but the lives of people that we love. We know that *now*.

"I was in college when John died. I was so angry with him. It was *stupid*. My God — 33, ya know! There was a lot more he had in him. What I've taken away from this picture is not to judge people so . . . primitively. I've more understanding, sympathy for him now."

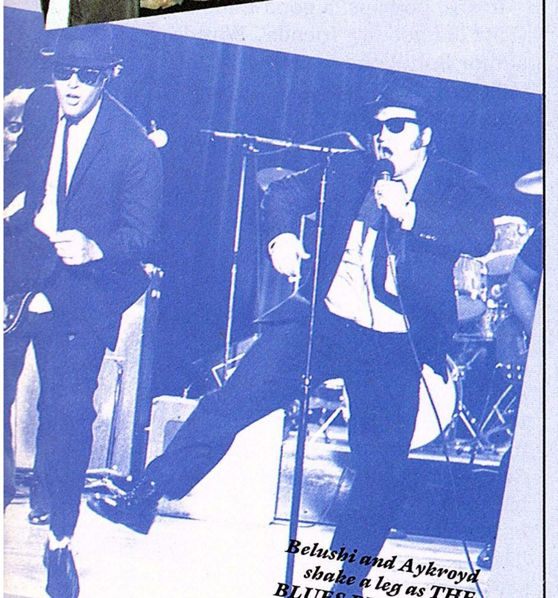
Producer Ed Feldman is sure **Wired** won't electrocute the Chiklis career. "Just remember, Ingrid Bergman worked again! I can remember things going on about certain actors years ago — but eventually they and a lot of black-listed writers worked again. I think talent overcomes everything."

Actually, as John's story proved — and before him, Sinatra's Mafia rumours, Barrymore drinking, etc. — talent or box-office power transcends everything in Hollywood. Even death.

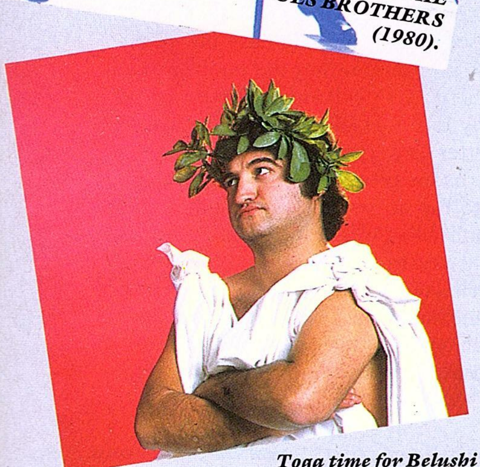
The Film HOLLYWOOD Tried To Kill

continued from page 33

The real Aykroyd and Belushi as THE BLUES BROTHERS.



Belushi and Aykroyd shake a leg as THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980).



Toga time for Belushi in ANIMAL HOUSE.

Michael Chiklis is the unknown chosen from 200 hopefuls to play Belushi. Young Chiklis, 24 when he made the film and looking more like 34, is unlikely to win friends in influential places after suggesting one reason why certain Hollywoodians are in such a tizzy about **Wired**. "I'm sure a lot of those people have tremendous guilt, and are tremendously unhappy that they didn't do anything at the time. That must really torture them and I understand — from their perspective — that is a major reason why some of them are very angry about this picture. Because of their own self-hate and guilt."

Few of Belushi's 'me-generation' may have realised this fact until seeing their words and deeds in print in Woodward's book — instigated by Belushi's widow, Judy. They'd talked to him quite freely during his research. Only Judy tried to ban the book — in a row over photo copyright.

"She arranged for everyone to meet Woodward," says Ed Feldman. "But when they were speaking to him, they thought they were speaking to Robert Redford! They told him the innermost intimate stories of their life. It wasn't that system that doesn't protect people sufficiently from themselves. He's a star — give him anything! The 'show must go on' attitude.

"It's definitely the movie Hollywood doesn't want you to see — because it's accurate. And it establishes two points: that Belushi wasn't the only one using drugs; and that the Hollywood environment permitted, if not encouraged, Belushi to thrive as a drug addict." In one scene, the movie-Woodward checks on a studio paying Belushi $2,500 weekly for his drugs. Producer Feldman is sure he's had addicts in his movies. "Once somebody asked me to loan him $3,000 to buy drugs. That I wouldn't do. But it's not as prevalent as it used to be."

The Cannes festival responded to **Wired** better than Hollywood (no CAA stars next year?) by staging the world premiere exactly one year and two days after shooting began.

The movie has the more up-beat subtitle of **The Laughs and Times of John Belushi** and is less harrowing than the book in watching Belushi destroying himself when his trite talent drowned in a string of flops. It attempts to match Ken Russell's approach to biographies by telling the Belushi story as if it were a Belushi film. It begins by pinching a suggestion from John's obituary in Time magazine as the dead star wakes up in the morgue — unzips his body-bag and reaches for a sandwich. From then on, he's taken back through his life by a guardian angel right out of a Frank Capra comedy — if Capra was still making films and saw 1989 guardian angels as Puerto Rican taxi-drivers called Velasquez and not Henry Travers' cuddly old Clarence in *It's A Wonderful Life*.

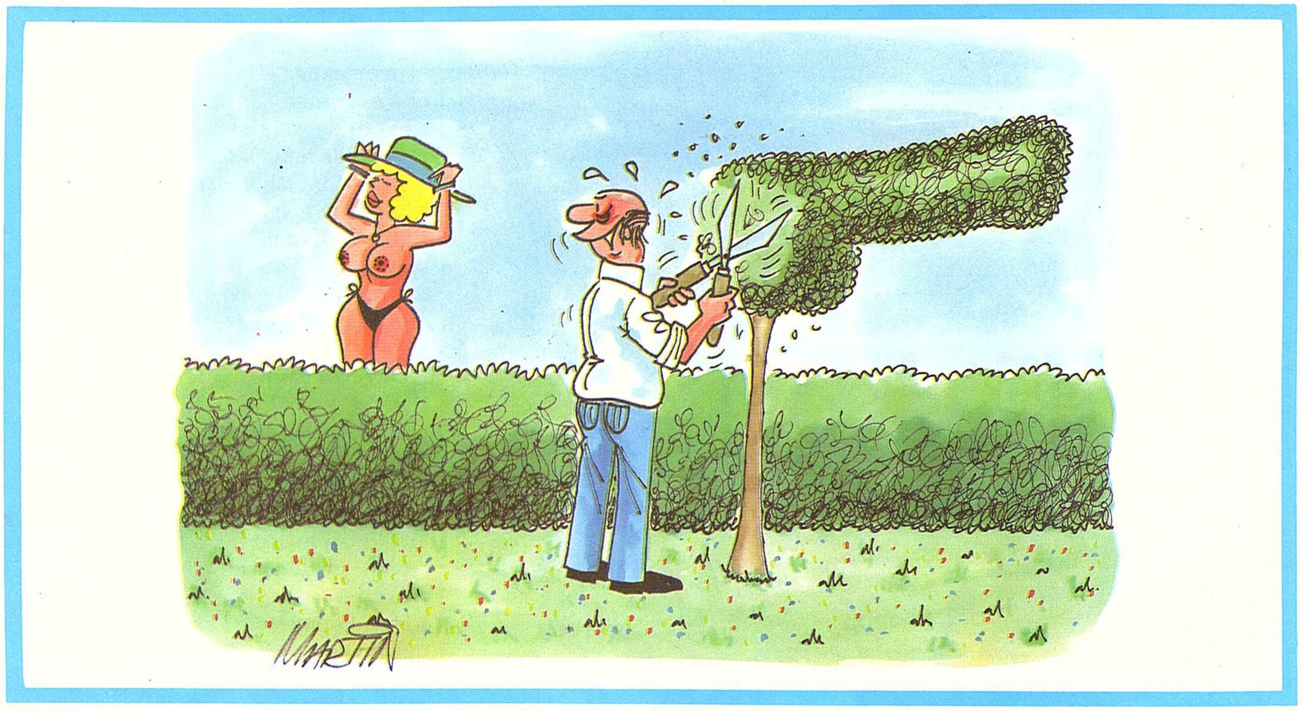
Putting on weight, a wig over his

"Dan Aykroyd won't talk to us, he's so disturbed about the movie."

off the record and he's a reporter. He's nothing to do with the entertainment business, he put down what he wanted to put down. They were very unhappy with the book. Let's analyse it: if President Nixon couldn't stop what Woodward said, what was Dan Aykroyd gonna do?"

"Judy hoped I'd find out that John was alive," says Woodward, "or that he hadn't died of drugs or that the police had given him bad drugs. There were all kinds of theories and rumours. I checked them out and the movie says, perhaps, better than the book: there is no mystery here. He did it to himself. And got a lotta help. In

LAUGH WITH MARTIN.



Win Yourself A Warlock!

Fresh from its cinematic success, *Medusa Home Video's* **Warlock** hits the video shops on October 17. But Knave readers have the chance to win their very own copy for keeps. 15 tapes are there for the first batch of correct answers out of the bag, and for the first three correct entries there's a bonus — each will receive an attractive *Warlock* baseball jacket as worn by the film crew during its production!

For a full review of *Warlock* see our Viewfinder column. Then, just answer these easy questions and send your entries to: Warlock Competition, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ. Competition closes on Friday December 1st.

1. Who played Satan in the film *Bedazzled*?

a. Peter Cook
b. Dudley Moore
c. Eleanor Bron

2. Which film featured The Wicked Witch Of The West?

a. *The Witches Of Eastwick*
b. *Rosemary's Baby*
c. *The Wizard Of Oz*

3. Who played the lead in television's *Bewitched*?

a. Pandora Sparks
b. Elizabeth Montgomery
c. Barbara Eden

NAME ....
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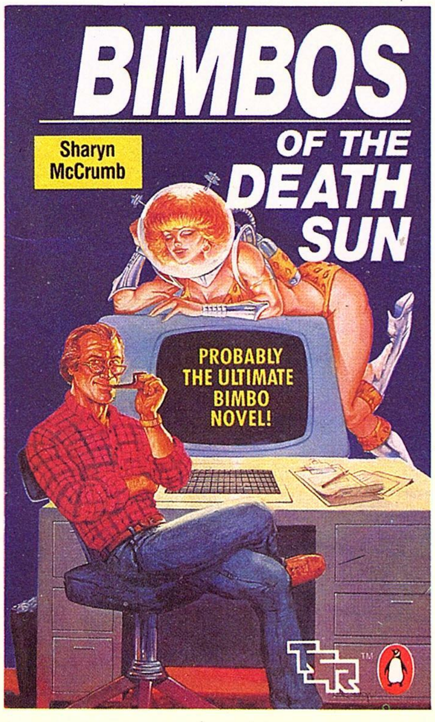
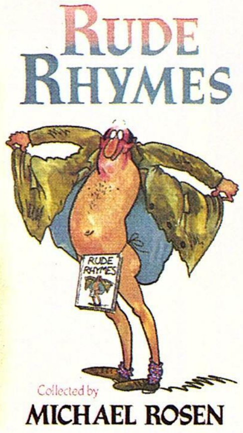
Books

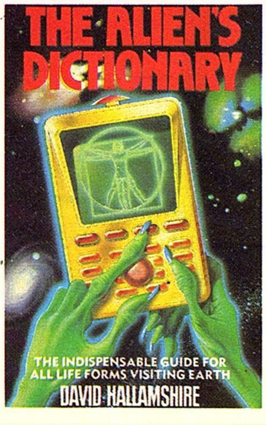
What is the point in having nice tidy genre rules if authors go and ignore them? I mean, here's Sharyn McCrumb's **Bimbos Of The Death Sun** *(Penguin, £2.99)*, distinctly labelled Crime/Mystery and you don't even get a body until page 120! In a lesser book this would be unforgivable, but there's enough chuckles to compensate. Set at a fantasy convention, it's accurately observed. War gamers and trekkies, all manner and variety of fandom are there getting on with the politics of convention going. This con is destined to go down in the annals of history when guest author and cult figure, the appallingly mannered Appin Dungannon is murdered. Dr James Mega, Dr Marion Farley and the local police have a whale of a time trying to figure out the killer from among the weirdly dressed inhabitants of middle earth, Asgard and far-futures. Plenty of laughs, if not a deal of suspense.



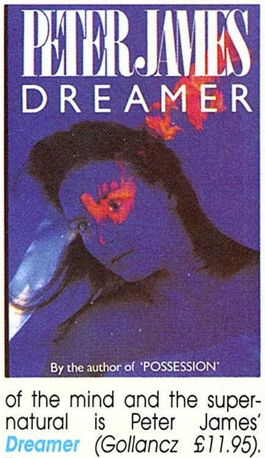
One for children of all ages is Michael Rosen's **Rude Rhymes** *(Andre Deutsch)*. Blaspheme with the alternative Jesus Christ Superstar. Get scatological as you contemplate: 'What do you do/if you want to do a poo?/In an English Country Garden'. WIllies, bums and farts in profusion.



Déjà vu is the first reaction to David Hallamshire's **The Alien's Dictionary** *(Headline, £2.99)*. The blurb on the back and the illustration on the cover all evoke Douglas Adams' Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy. The text, however is very different. It does in fact adopt a dictionary format with short to medium length definitions of words like 'ARMS RACE – a game played by two people until they run out of money'. The entries on much more important subjects such as Alcohol, Disco, Sex and Vampires are longer and just as enlightening.



Set in the darker regions of the mind and the supernatural is Peter James' **Dreamer** *(Gollancz £11.95)*. TV commercial producer Sam finds her life getting shot to pieces when her dreams start coming true. The reason that she gets so upset is that her dreams aren't anything constructive, like who's going to win the three-thirty at Newmarket, they're more about death – bloody, violent death too. The deaths she dreams come gruesomely to those around her. Naturally, when she starts dreaming about the death of herself and her family she starts falling to pieces. And if that little lot doesn't fill you with adrenalin fired anxiety, there's also a mysterious black magic dabbling Nazi who died fifty years before the story even starts! The characterization is strong, as is the action. Overall the plot is very satisfying, especially when the emphasis is on psychological tension – it's so much more harrowing and effective than the supernatural elements.



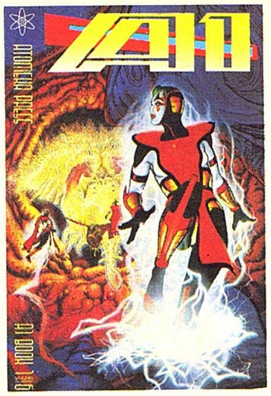
Mainstream comic time with the appearance of **A1 Book 1** *(Atomeka Press, £4.95)* edited by Dave Elliot and Gary Leach. This is a high-quality publication in terms of both production and content. It features an admirable mix of fantasy, SF and humour from established and accomplished writers and artists like Alan Moore, Brian Bolland, Dave Gibbons, Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean. The variety within its pages is a high-class reflection of what is

Book Of The Month

Some books present great difficulties for reviewers. Malcolm Bradbury's ***Unsent Letters*** *(Arena, £4.50)* is one such. It's so full of good bits that you want to share them all with everyone. Further, you want to make sure that all the subtleties and nuances involved come through. And the only way of doing that is to indulge in such lengthy quotes that the rules of copyright would be severely breached.

In short, I'm recommending that you get hold of this book. It's very, very witty. A collection of letters that the author might have sent but never actually did. The standard letter dashed off for those interested in learning all about semiotics is a masterpiece of lucid irony. Other subjects include Getting Started As A Writer, How To Become An Academic, How To Successfully Lig Your Way Around The World On The Conference Circuit. At the same time as being very funny, the format of this book also allows Bradbury to write his autobiography into the bargain. Neat.

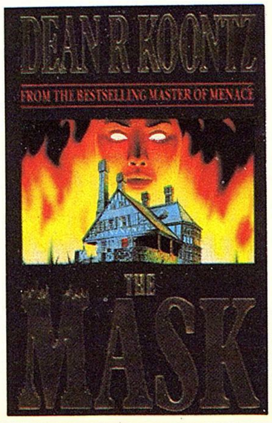
Charles Warren



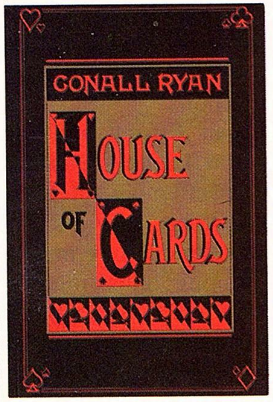
available in the contemporary comic world and as such should find resonance with a wide readership. Six books in all are projected to anthologize the 80s, watch out for them and make sure you buy your slice of history.

In 1987 Andrew M Greeley, sociologist, journalist, priest and best-selling prolific writer wrote an intriguing SF/humour/adventure story with a generous helping of love interest. **The Final Planet** is now available as a paperback courtesy of *Legend* at *£3.50*. Far fetched it certainly is, but it's also an engrossing yarn which whisks you along with its lilting, self-depreciating Irish blarney. A space-drifting priory ship called Iona looking for a planet to settle on, and a sex-obsessed undercover monk/soldier/diplomat/spy by the name of Seamus O'Neil sent planet-side to prepare the way are the basic ingredients for this book. The ways that Seamus copes with the temptations of the flesh in an alien culture are never less than entertaining. Other plot complications, such as weird festivals, political infighting and a global war ensure that the reader's interest never flags.

Dean R Koontz, mega-selling horror merchant, author of *Lightning*, *Watchers* etc., has sold more books than most people's brains can comprehend. One of his earlier works, **The Mask** has been republished as a *£3.50 Headline* paperback. Reincarnation, precognitive dreams and violent death are the main themes, counterpointed by some nice, warm and cozy sentiments about being loved, having decent companions and all those other American apple pie sentiments. It seems a corny formula for grabbing your sympathies for the main characters – making them out to be really nice people, and then introducing poltergeists and axes which are too sharp by far – but it works superbly. Mr Koontz is a competent craftsman who can wring every last drop of intrigue out of a plot.


DEAN R KOONTZ
FROM THE BESTSELLING MASTER OF MENACE
THE MASK

Fun, games and romps in the outback of Western Australia with Flying Doctor Mike Hazzard's third volume of hi-jinx anecdotes. Colin Bowles is the author, **Hazzard In The Air** (*Arrow, £3.50*) is the book. His adventures get off to a good start when he finds that his new pilot is one of the few Kamikaze pilots to have survived the war. It sets the scene well for a whole catalogue of misadventures.



Finally, **House Of Cards** (*Andre Deutsch, £11.95*) by Conall Ryan, a piece of formula macho-interest fiction about Martin Oakes, a poker player who runs a school for youngsters, using poker to teach his students self-discipline and other allegedly lofty values. But one of his students is being a bit of a bastard – attitude problems, you know. That takes care of chapter one, but which student is going to get the elbow? Most of the rest of the book is a series of character rundowns of the people involved. Can you guess who the bad apple in the barrel is? All is revealed in the final chapters, where there's also a nice twist in the tale showing that the teacher doesn't know all the answers. A nice, light read for those times you don't want to stretch your brain muscles.

Charles Warren

Movies

Not much film has come out of Finland to this part of the world, and that's a shame, because some innovative work is going on there that would put Britain to pasture. Another poke in the parts to distributors who think sub-titles are turn-offs. But **Ariel** has made its way to the insular UK, and if you think you'll be seeing something gloomy and Scandinavian, you couldn't be more wrong.

It's a comedy about a redundant miner who sets sail across the wastes (in Lapland) in his white Chevy convertible to look for work, women and, incidentally what's left of his sanity. Director Kaurismaki unreels a familiar story of unemployment, corruption, police surveillance – the usual life-in-the-mean-streets sort of thing – but with a very distinctive, very black kind of humour. The acting is terrific, the photography (and the land-scape) are spellbinding. *Ariel* is an odd little film, and good fun. It's even better when you go without expectations.

A Strange Place to Meet . . . is a strange film to see. Starring Catherine Deneuve and Gerard Depardieu, it concerns two people who meet on a motorway, late at night – in fact, the story begins on a Friday night and ends on a Sunday, and takes place entirely on the motorway.

She's been unceremoniously tossed out of their car by her husband at a layby, after having an argument. He, meanwhile, has been fixing his car, has seen the whole business, and would like nothing more than for her to disappear. He's protesting and hostile, while she's maddeningly passive, not willing to recognise the end of the relationship when she sees it. Naturally, this being the movies, and terribly French, both of them change, each with self-delusions, each with their own needs. Putting the two actors together is like inventing chemistry, and as Deneuve gets older, she becomes even more beautiful. It's the sort of film you'll have to invest in, to get a great deal out of it. It's also seductive, and more than a little bizarre.

Getting it Right is, in its style, belatedly following in the footsteps of those Sixties classics like *Billy Liar, Georgy Girl* and the others. This easy story of a hairdresser who, after years of frustration, meets a selection of eccentric characters who change his life, stars Jessie Birdsall, Lynn Redgrave, Peter Cook, Helena Bonham Carter and – briefly – John Gielgud. The film often gets it all wrong, but in the quirky manner of some of those older oddities (like *Morgan!*), its good intentions patch over some of the awkwardness.

Round-shouldered Gavin is still a virgin at 31 and lives with his parents in a house filled with the icons of middle-class life: HP Sauce, garden gnomes, and parental flutters over anything with a title. In fact, the director can't decide whether the setting for his film is the Sixties *or* the Eighties. He meets and is seduced at a party by its hostess (Redgrave), who teaches him Lesson One about sex and people. He's then invaded by a neurotic party guest (Carter), who makes the mistress of the Munster family look like a debutante. She has fun with the role, even if her craziness turns more horrifying than cute. Through his visit to the family pile (head rock being Gielgud, who is as usual the best thing in the film), he learns something about not being responsible for people. Lesson Three is provided by the salon's head, Peter Cook. There's too little of him – he sets you up for a laugh, like John Cleese, before he even opens his mouth. He stares, and people are collapsing in the aisles. Lesson Four? Provided by a gawky junior stylist, complete with Vera Duckworth accent.

The story is contrived and

the characters comic-strip, but you can't help liking this oddball piece, and you get the decided impression the star cast couldn't either. Birdsall (*Wish You Were Here*) goes from polyester to polish with grace. Think of *Getting it Right* like your first sex: not what you expected, but has a lot to commend itself.

If you liked *Stir Crazy* and *Silver Streak*, your antennae will have already discovered that Pryor and Wilder are back together – and the combination, in **See No Evil, Hear No Evil** is as magic as ever. Wally and Dave run a New York newsstand. Wally is loud-mouthed, cocky and belligerent (who else but Richard Pryor?) – and blind. Dave, on the other hand, is quiet, somewhat timid, a gentleman – and deaf. When a man is found murdered outside their 'business,' these two are the only witnesses. Dave saw a pair of spectacular legs, while Wally smelled the perfume . . .

With this kind of set-up, you'd either end up groaning or falling over. Fortunately the latter is more likely to happen, because of a good script laced with slapstick and the combination of the Terrible Twins' talent. The underlying theme of all the mayhem – police chases, crazy exploits and stunts – is that, of course, by pooling their resources and resourcefulness, each person's handicap can be either surmounted or put to good use. You won't see a lick of condescension here. Veteran director Arthur Hiller (*Outrageous Fortune, Plaza Suite* and a thousand other films), along with the actors, has successfully walked the tightrope between sensitivity and fast, smart comedy. Wilder is an especially good actor. Mel Brooks unleashed his freaked-out abandon *and* he thinks his role out. In the end, it's the Butch and Sundance of the 'Eighties who make the comedy work. They hype you up and you love them for it.

Sara-Jane Lee

Movie Of The Month

The feudin' Appalachian families of the Hatfields and McCoys surface again — this time dressed in a passionate love story, **Winter People** starring Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell. Set in the remote mountains of North Carolina during the 30's Depression, it's a semi-violent, semi-tender film that has a great deal going for it, despite the well-worn storyline, and is saved by a strong cast, most of whom act with conviction.

When clockmaker-craftsman Russell and his daughter (who is closer to brat Tatum O'Neill in *Paper Moon* than anything insufferably cute), en route to a new life, meet McGillis, they end up adopting a whole new set of rules defining what a man is supposed to be (among other things). There, rites of manhood have less to do with sex and shaving than in surviving bearhunts. Just as Russell has gained acceptance in the community, the family on the other side of the mountain, who wear skins — (you can tell they're the bad guys because the make-up girl has told the actors not to wash for six weeks prior to filming) — crop up to make everyone's life miserable. Their youngest son performs outlandishly in a too-long scene in which he returns to collect his sexual "dues" from McGillis, who's had his baby. He's the biggest weakness in the whole film, because you can't understand why she would have given him the proverbial time of day in the first place.

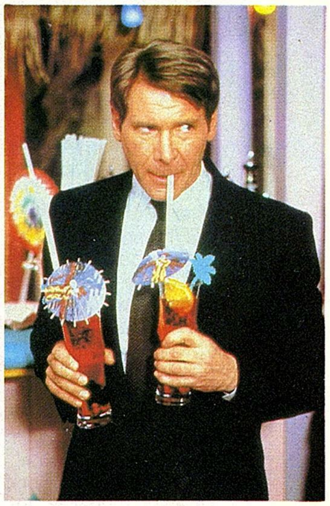
Fortunately, the rest of the film is redeemed by one of the best performances from McGillis since *Witness*, and Russell finally proves he isn't just Goldie Hawn's beefcake. A few points shaved off for heavy-handedness with the characters shouldn't make much difference.

Sara-Jane Lee

Videos

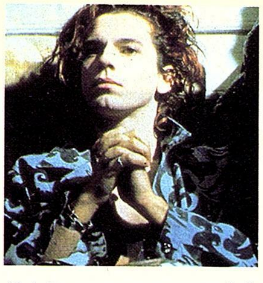
Harrison Ford fans itching for the video release of *Indiana Jones And The Last Crusade* can get an interim fix from *CBS/Fox's* witty comic drama **Working Girl**. Perhaps more to the point from your average Knave reader's point of view, you get a massive dollop of Melanie Griffith, and a fair-sized helping of Sigourney Weaver to boot. Mind you, Weaver aficionados had better be into masochistic fantasies, because she plays one helluva bitch . . .

The scene is the world of US high finance, where the yuppies seen exactly as gross as the home-grown variety. Tess McGill (Griffiths) is a downtrodden junior with a night school degree who is trying to get onto the trainee programme and move up the ladder. When her desk chief tries to pimp her off as bed fodder to his coke-snorting pal, Tess gets herself the boot by flashing up a message concerning the size of her boss's genitalia on the shares board.

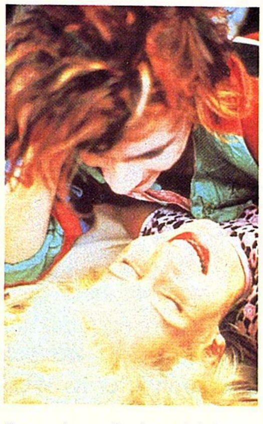


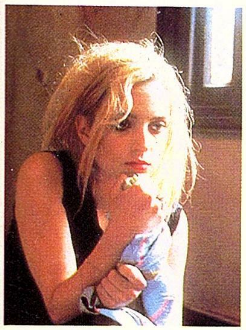
Our heroine's last chance is a job as secretary to high-flier Katherine Parker (Weaver), a ski-set $6,000-a-dress executive who looks like being just the employer Tess has been looking for. Bring me your ideas, says Katherine, and I'll see you get credit for them – 'this is a two-way street.' But when Katherine busts her leg on the piste, Tess discovers that the boss has hijacked her supposedly no-good idea about a radio network takeover, and is planning to take the wheeze to ace negotiator Jack Trainer (Ford).

Is Tess pissed off? You bet. Still, the cat's away and the mouse gets her chance to play. In fact, this mouse is going to roar. Raiding Katherine's classy



Hutchence as a mentally bombed out punk singer. Sam is a middle-class dropout in 1978 Melbourne, describe by a friend as never having had, 'a single coherent thought in all the years I've known him.' He





lives in what might be described as a commune, where the wreckage of the hippy/mod/skin/punk subcultures drift in and out at will, changing actors in a continuous one-act brain-damaging party.

Sam's life is one virtually seamless swirl of low-life hedonism – food, booze, drugs, his truly atrocious band; 'Dogs In Space,' and sex with his slightly more together girlfriend Anna. The precarious 'balance' of this ecosystem is tilted by the arrival of a younger girl who temporarily catches Sam's fancy. Heroin takes a fateful hand in the downwards spiral.

Is it 'The best film aobut rock 'n' roll made' – a quote the sleeve credits to *Melody Maker*? Is it *This is Spinal Tap* without the laughs? Is it just a self-indulgence? If you're over 40, you won't even want to find out. I didn't like it in the slightest – but that's no guarantee of anything.

The two clear highlights of *CBS/Fox's* October sell through selection are *Peggy-Sue Got Married,* in which Kathleen Turner blacks out at her high school reunion and gets the chance to relive the most critical period of her life with the benefit of hindsight; and one of the most entertaining films of the decade in the shape of *Big Trouble in Little China* – Kurt Russell performs stunningly in a sci-fi-martial-arts-black magic-ghostbusting comedy. A cracker. Both retail at £9.99.

Martyn Lester

Record Of The Month

Mike Nesmith was not only the most serious and musical of The Monkees, he was also the only one sensible enough not to get involved in their 1986 nostalgia-powered reformation. After hanging up his woolly hat he got success with an engaging country style and later a more polished eclectic musical expression which spawned "Joanne" and "Rio". Latterly he's made a name for himself in video and film production.

On the compilation **The Newer Stuff** *(Awareness)* the accent is on rhythm 'n' riffs, latin flavoured rock and a wry observational wit. It seems too churlish to ignore some really fine material and pick on particular tracks for praise, but the inspired tuneful lunacy of "Eldorado To The Moon" and "Tahiti Condo" — with its refrain about him having six trillion jacuzzis in his five million condos — are both outstanding. Sort of 10cc meets Tom Lehrer but more sophisticated and interesting. Some of the tracks haven't been released before. And those that have aren't that widely known to a non-fan audience, apart from "Rio". All in all it's an hour's worth of CD that ought to find its way into a lot of people's collections.

Andy Oldfield

Records

There's a certain sort of person who thinks that the only way to listen to the songs of Robert Zimmerman is when they're being performed by other artists. Now, I can concede that there's some logic behind this argument, but I've nothing against whining nasal vocals per se, so it's an argument which doesn't totally convince me. For instance, while welcoming Jimi Hendrix's blast at 'All Along The Watchtower' and Bryan Ferry's neurosis powered 'A Hard Rain Gonna's Fall', I can never forgive The Byrds for cutting about ninety per cent of the lyric out of 'Mr Tambourine Man' – regardless of how nice and jangly they rendered the remaining bit. If you want to go and do your own research into this vexing question the definitive collection is **The Songs Of Bob Dylan** *(Start)* – a double LP with thirty two cover versions of a whole load of Dylan numbers including those mentioned above. Other artists include: Ry Cooder, Flying Burrito Brothers, New Riders Of The Purple Sage, Siouxsie And The Banshees and Eric Clapton.

THE SONGS OF BOB DYLAN
BOB DYLAN
BRYAN FERRY · ELVIS PRESLEY · ROD STEWART · THE BYRDS · THE BAND
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES · JIMI HENDRIX · TINA TURNER · ERIC CLAPTON ...

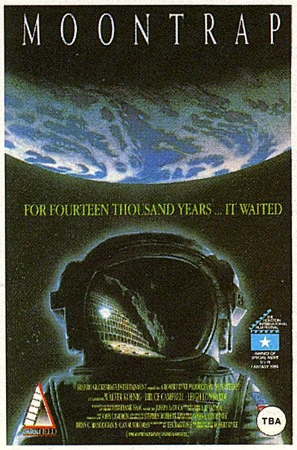
From the lyrically stoned heights of Western civilization to another continent altogether. Djivan Gasparian is an Armenian musician who uses his country's folk traditions to make incredibly poignant and melancholic music. His instrument is the duduk – a cylindrical wooden oboe with a tone that can transport you to other dimensions. Gasparian's **I Will Not Be Sad In This World** *(Land)* was originally released on the Soviet *Melodiya* label in 1983. A licensing deal was set up last year, just before the earthquake. Proceeds from this album are going to Life Aid Armenia which is a good enough reason to buy it. Another reason is quite simply that it is beautiful, one of the most powerful instrumental CDs in my collection.

Apart from the duet with Cliff Richard 'Whenever God Shines His Light', Van Morrison's **Avalon Sunset** *(Polydor)* is another laid-back wardrobe, Tess tutors herself into an upmarket accent, passes herself off as one of the company execs and takes the idea to Trainer herself. She knows she's playing with fire, but can't predict just how hot the flames are likely to get – especially once sexual chemistry comes into play.

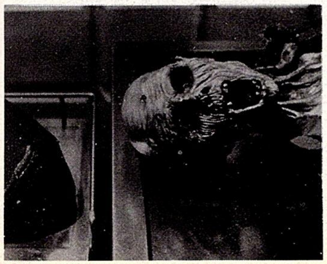
The film's idea is simple enough – a morally justified sting, if you like – but where it works is in the strength of characterisation and the general byplay. Griffith in particular is excellent as the timid girl with predatory bosses and a cheating boyfriend who suddenly finds the guts to 'got for it'. A thoroughly entertaining film, and a lot funnier that any synopsis can express in print.

A while getting to me (it was launched in the UK to coincide with the 20th anniversary of the first moon landing), *Parkfield Pictures'* **Moontrap** strikes me as still worth a paragraph or two.

The film sees *Star Trek's* Walter Koenig in familiar territory, as the commander of the space shuttle Camelot. On a routine mission in Earth orbit, astronauts Jason Grant and Ray Tanner (Bruce Campbell) come across a huge derelict ship from which they recover a dessicated humanoid corpse and an object vaguely resembling a squashed metallic American football.



Back on Earth, scientists establish that the stiff is 14,000 years old and that the ship had visited the moon. What had blown a hole in the spacecraft's side, and what the hollow object are remain a mystery, but not for long . . .



A film in which the bulk of the effort (and presumably budget) went into the major special effects. The plot and dialogue are a trifle under-powered, and the one-sixth gravity scenes less than convincing, but the front-line effects are excellent. *Moontrap* is a curate's egg, but on the whole the good parts make it worth the time and energy of a viewing.

Time to catch up on a couple of *Collins* releases, beginning with ***Salvation! (Have You Said Your Prayers Today?)***

Reverend Edward Randal is a television evangelist who loudly bewails the moral state of New York. It is, he says, a city where Christianity is the fourth most popular religion. Well, they say ignorance is bliss. It certainly helps the wacko Reverend to blame most of it on, 'Rock metal music.' Phew!

Little does the obsessive rev realise the place he has assumed in one particular household, where Rhonda sits glued to his broadcasts to the disgust of her sleazy husband Jerome. What her attractive sister Lenora is doing living with this ill-matched couple is not really clear, but you can bet lustful Jerome's intentions are not best described as familiar.

One night the evangelist is disturbed by a young woman whose car has broken down outside his house. Lo and behold, it is none other than nubile Lenora. She recognises him, he recognises a healthy teenage torso when he sees one, and before you can say sado-masochism the pair are coupling in a veriety of kinky scenarios.

Soon Jerome and his cronies show up on the scene. The disgusted Jerome attempts to drown the vicar, and is quickly taken with the idea of bestowing upon Lenora his own sexual attentions. But Randal is not dead, and a scheme is cooked up whereby, to avoid fraudulent accusations of rape, the reverend agrees to let Rhonda take a share of his show and save the souls of American youth with god-based rock and roll. Everyone lives happily ever after . . . or do they?

Dogs In Space *(Collins)*, features INXS star Michael

Video Of The Month

I don't suppose cinema managers are ecstatic, but video dealers will be well please to see ***Warlock (Medusa Communications)*** so soon after its West End success, where according to *Screen International*, it hit No. 1 in the U.K. box office charts.

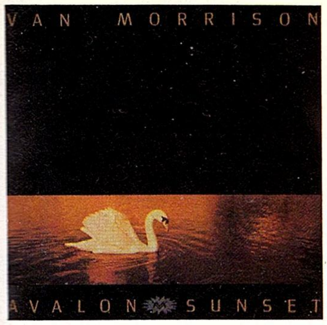
The tale opens in 1691 Boston (Massachusetts, not Lincs.), where a male witch is imprisoned and about to be hanged and then burned over a basket of live cats. Mmm — scrummy! At the last minute both the warlock and his gaoler, Redferne, are dematerialized in a supernatural storm, and as if in a chronologically reversed version of *Terminator*, they reappear in 1988.

After brutally killing her flatmate, the warlock vindictively puts a spell on young Kassandra which will age her 20 years per day. When witchfinder Redferne materialises and explains this to her, rapidly wrinkling Kassandra joins him in a search for the evil one to break the spell. But Redferne's job is a more urgent one. It transpires that the warlock has been chosen by Satan to reunite the three portions of a 'black bible' which will reveal the true name of God and undo all of creation.

I wouldn't want to exaggerate *Warlock* into sounding like a masterpiece, a seminal work, or even an especially important film in the grand scheme of things, but it is that rare animal in which some excellent ideas are executed to their deserved standard. It is well paced, witty, throughly entertaining and features fine performances from Julian Sands as the smoothie bad guy, Richard E. Grant as the Scottish-American spook-hunter, and Lori Singer as Kassandra.

A certain top 5 hit, it will have the folks at Medusa crossing their fingers for the company's first video No. 1.

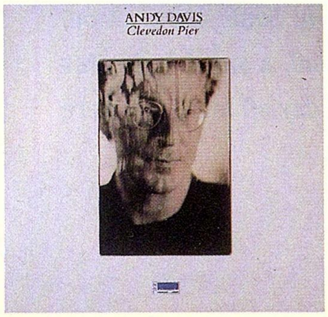
Martyn Lester



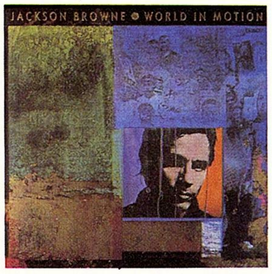
and measured stroll on the romantic side. Textures that are as crisp, lush and pure as the mountain stream imagery he uses are to the fore. The nature/romantic love motifs run throughout with nods to the supernatural never far away. All that and classy blues too!

Suspiciously hippyish goings on abound on ***The History & Mystery Of The Planet Gong*** *(The CD Label)*. As far as it's possible to talk of these things, Gong more or less started in the period 1967 – 1969 when Aussie, Daevid Allen, left Soft Machine, and/or was refused re-entry to Britain after gigging in France. In any case he got involved with a shifting caucus of British and French musos and developed 'the space music of Gong'. Apart from regulars Daevid and Gilli Smyth, there was input from the likes of Kevin Ayers, Steve Hillage and various members of the equally unfixed Hawkwind line-up. For further enlightenment buy the CD and read the liner notes! Better still, listen to the music: seventy four minutes of exploration designed to appeal to 'a particular soul group which recognises its origin through a certain sound vibration'. Love it.

Andy Davis has done sessions for Tears For Fears, Julian Cope and on John Lennon's *Imagine*. He's also written material which has resulted in hits for Yazz and Tracey Ullman. His ***Clevedon Pier*** *(MMC)* doesn't evoke many strains of that background. It's a set of smooth compositions blending traditional and electronic music as well as a number of traditional and modern styles from jazz to New Age, from easy listening to more adventurous tonal explorations. The title track in particular is soothing and haunting.

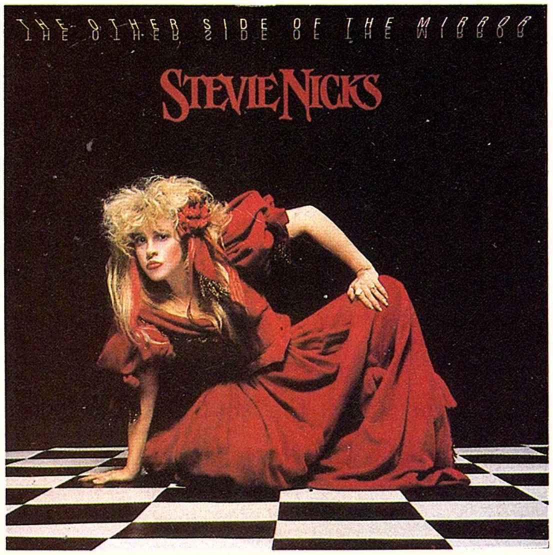


Get on down with Jackson Browne, the German born, American raised one-time guitarist for Nico, Eagles collaborator and all-round star in his own right. The thoughtful lyricist and flexible fingered guitarist (credited with playing a beast called the National reso-phonic guitar, no less) is back with ***World In Motion*** *(Elektra)* – a tasteful, well-executed AOR album with African tinges (nice drumming from Sly Dunbar plus Ray Lema on keyboards) and all sorts of stylish embellishments. Of course, there's a fair amount of conciousness raising thrown in for good measure. Little Steven's non-partisan crie de coeur 'I Am A Patriot' for example, or the more down to earth *realpolitik* of Browne's own look at the American doublespeak dream in 'The Word Justice'.



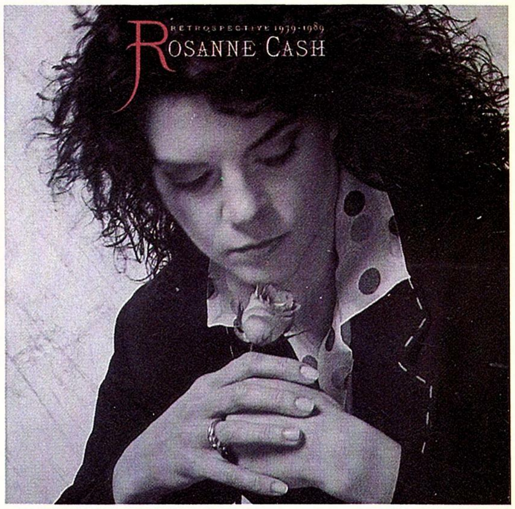
Joining Fleetwood Mac at its tenth incarnation via Buckingham Nicks and Fritz, Stevie Nicks has a pedigree stretching back to 1967. Judging by the good looks on the cover of her latest solo album, she either thrives on her work or has managed to lay her hands on some pretty amazing beauty creams! ***The Other Side Of The Mirror*** *(EMI)* is the album, it's her fourth and arguably her best. Producer Rupert Hine has done a good job in helping realize this collection of powerful rock pieces. Her strengths as singer, songwriter and performer are delightfully evident. Good stuff.

Andy Oldfield

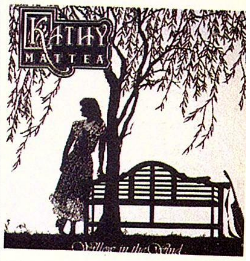


Full Moon Fever *(MCA)* is the first Tom Petty solo album – and it's a rock 'n' roll album that deserves to stand alongside the best of his back catalogue with The Heartbreakers. The influence of Petty's sojourn with the Travelling Wilburys entourage is considerable: Jeff Lynne (and Heartbreaker Mike Campbell) produced the album with Petty, and both provided their musical talents; Lynne also co-wrote seven of the twelve songs – including the excellent hit single 'I Won't Back Down', on which George Harrison adds guitar and vocals. The late Roy Orbison sings on the frivolous closing song 'Zombie Zoo'. Other highlights are the powerful Petty/Lynne songs 'Free Fallin'' and 'A Face In The Crowd', while Petty pays due respects to his influences on a fine cover of Gene Clark's Byrds classic 'Feel A Whole Lot Better'.

Rosanne Cash has not exactly found it difficult to make it big in country music – having Johnny Cash as her dad and Rodney Crowell as her husband has helped! She's good enough to succeed without their patronage however, as ***Retrospective 1979-1989*** *(CBS)* shows. It features ten songs from her five LPs to date, plus two new songs. She has a fine, flexible voice; a knack for choosing good songs; an endless supply of quality session players – and a rich daddy! Lucky Rosanne!

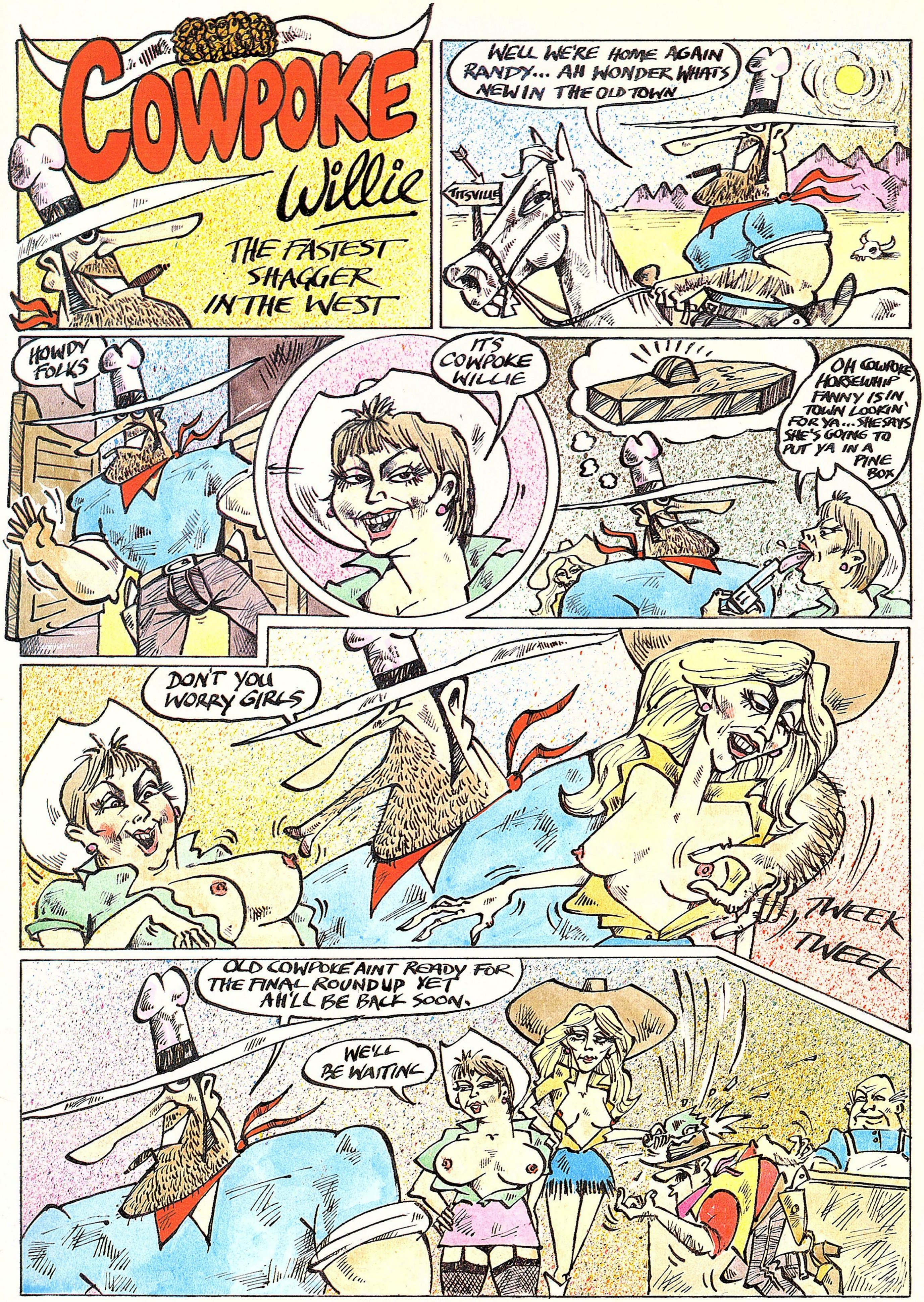


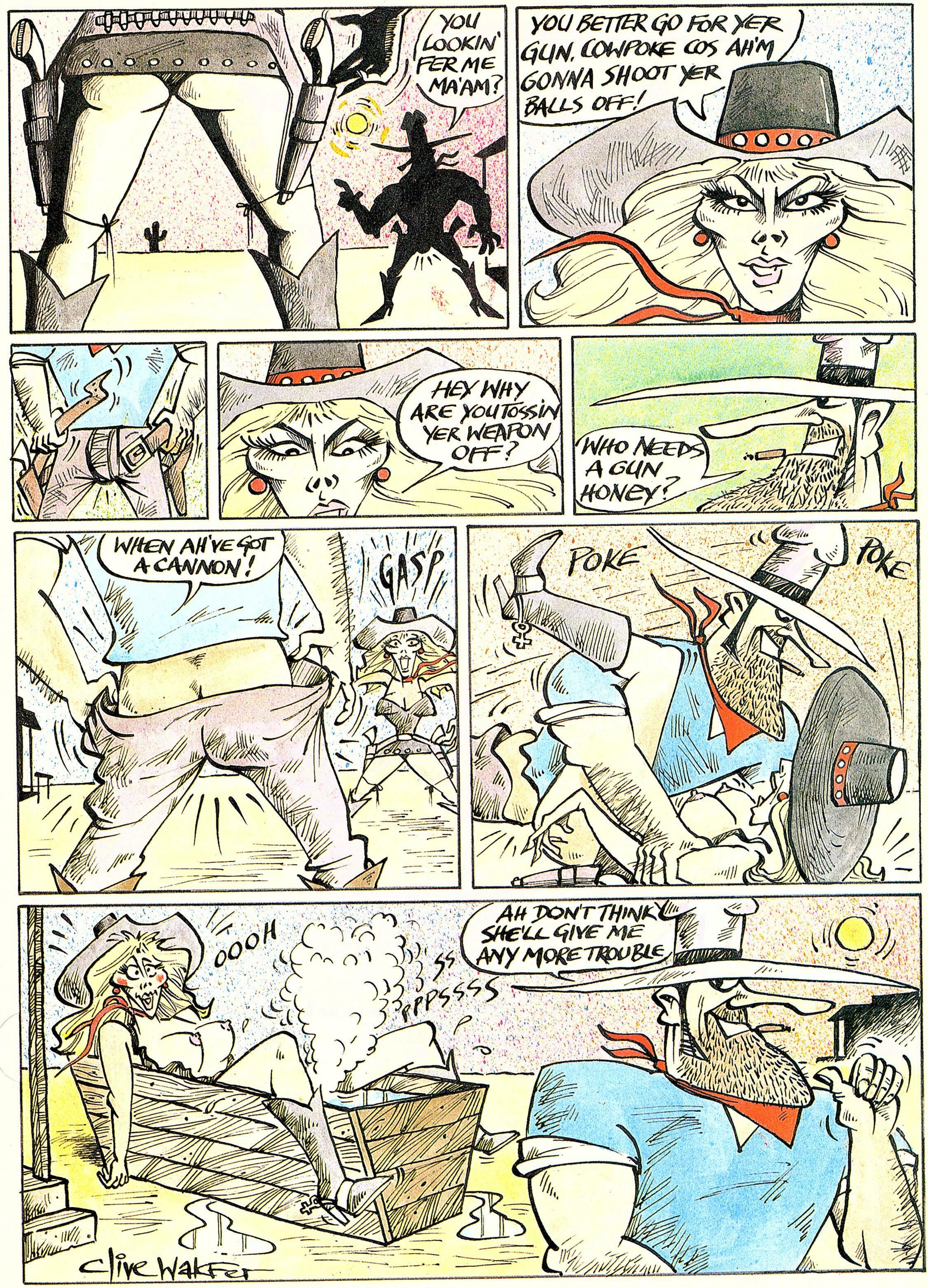
Kathy Mattea occupies the traditional middle ground in country music – and her fifth album ***Willow In The Wind*** *(Mercury)* offers few surprises. A sweet voice, and an easy-on-the-ear collection of bluegrass and folk-influenced country songs. Enjoyable but perhaps slightly unmemorable.



Iggy Pop is now one of rock music's respected 'elders' – a status few believed he would reach in the wild, wild days of Iggy & The Stooges in the late sixties/early seventies. *The* classic Stooges LP ***Raw Power*** has been re-released (for the second time) by *Essential*. Dating from 1973, it remains of the more remarkable moments in rock history. Not even David Bowie's frustratingly incompetent production can disguise the violent assault on the senses of songs like 'Search And Destroy', 'Raw Power', 'Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell' and the rest. With Iggy howling and screaming and James Williamson making a bid for guitar hero status; this was a legendary band's finest hour.

Rupert Metcalf


COWPOKE
Willie
THE FASTEST SHAGGER IN THE WEST
WELL WE'RE HOME AGAIN RANDY... AH WONDER WHATS NEW IN THE OLD TOWN
TITSVILLE
HOWDY FOLKS
ITS COWPOKE WILLIE
OH COWPOKE, HORSEWHIP FANNY IS IN TOWN LOOKIN' FOR YA... SHE SAYS SHE'S GOING TO PUT YA IN A PINE BOX
DON'T YOU WORRY GIRLS
TWEEK TWEEK
OLD COWPOKE AINT READY FOR THE FINAL ROUNDUP YET AH'LL BE BACK SOON.
WE'LL BE WAITING


YOU LOOKIN' FER ME MA'AM?
YOU BETTER GO FOR YER GUN, COWPOKE COS AH'M GONNA SHOOT YER BALLS OFF!
HEY WHY ARE YOU TOSSIN YER WEAPON OFF?
WHO NEEDS A GUN HONEY?
WHEN AH'VE GOT A CANNON!
GASP
POKE
POKE
OOOH
SS PPPSSSS
AH DON'T THINK SHE'LL GIVE ME ANY MORE TROUBLE
Clive Walker

PENPOWER

Flash Harry

As I was an adventurous sort of person, I was used to doing unconventional things. Even going to and from work could be an exciting experience for me. I rarely travelled on the bus, preferring to chance my luck thumbing lifts. Usually I arrived at my destination on time and in a certain amount of style.

> "It gave me a sexual thrill, sitting naked on a stool with fifteen pairs of eyes on me."

There were few businessmen who would hesitate in picking up a pretty young girl who they knew would look good sitting in the front of their Mercedes, BMWs and Jaguars. Mornings, on the whole were fairly routine, as was the conversation. The men had no time to think about anything other than making it to the office by nine o'clock and therefore anyone who was going to proposition me was guaranteed to do so in the evening.

One man who chanced his luck in this way was Davy — Davy Watt he called himself, though I'm fairly sure this was a pseudonym. However, Davy was the owner of a flash sports car. I forget which kind, though I recognised the type of driver he was straight off. He screeched to a halt by the kerb where I stood and swung open the passenger door of his brilliant white gas-guzzler with brash confidence. He was apparently the sort of motorist who thought the road belonged to him alone.

"Hop in," he instructed from behind dark, metal rimmed polaroids. "Where are you off to?" I explained, while studying his face and wondering whether he genuinely wanted to give me a lift home, or whether he genuinely wanted to get inside my knickers. I decided on the latter, and sat myself inside the car. He was a real Flash Harry if ever I saw one — he certainly matched the vehicle.

His light brown hair was curled so tightly it had to be a perm, yet it had obviously been styled recently at a reputable salon, too. He had a neatly trimmed moustache and sideburns which suggested he was somewhere in his mid to late twenties. He wore a white jacket and trousers with an open-necked black shirt, drawing my gaze to the part of his chest which was exposed, displaying his gingery chest hair. This guy certainly fancied himself.

At the time, I was working as a drawing class model at the local art college, which involved my posing in the nude. I took this job not only because it was unusual, but also because I've never been one for inhibitions. In fact, it gave me a kind of sexual thrill, sitting on a stool with fifteen pairs of eyes on me, just thinking about the money I was earning for doing next to nothing. Of course, the drivers always asked me what I did for a living, and Davy was no exception.

> "Soon he was touching my pussy through the thin material of my knickers."

"Wow, I thought you were a shop assistant or something. A nude model, eh? Don't you have any hang-ups?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Any sexual hang-ups. Most girls your age have a whole heap of them," said Davy.

"I'm not most girls."

"No, I bet you're not!" Davy removed his sunglasses, briefly taking his eyes off the road to stare directly at me. His hazel eyes said it all. Why did I have to have this effect on men in cars?

"Do you have a boyfriend?" questioned Davy, hopeful my answer would be negative.

"No," I replied truthfully, deciding to make it easy for him, and anyway, who I was seeing was none of his business. I'm sure that if I asked him if he was married, he would lie; even though the thick gold ring he wore was hardly discreet.

"Are you sure now?" he quizzed.

"Well, there is someone, but it's just casual," I answered.

"So he won't mind if you're with someone else?"

"It's hardly up to him. But I do mind if I don't know your name, so what is it?" I asked.

"Davy," he answered.

"Davy what?" I pressed.

"That's right, Davy Watt."

"Don't be stupid — what is your name?"

"I've told you," Davy replied. It was obvious that he wasn't going to tell me. I didn't mind, the mystery would make it all the more exciting.

Davy pulled into a secluded lay-by, quite sure of himself. Having parked the car, he turned to face me. "How would you like to play a little game?" he asked, never once taking his eyes from my body. I know I looked inviting in a low cut

▷ 63

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If there's one question we're always being asked, it's, **'Are the letters real?'** They're real, all right. Only the names, places and dates have been changed, and that's to preserve anonymity.

61 ◁

"I fractionally parted my lips and Davy placed his erect cock between them."

white t-shirt and pink cotton mini-skirt. Underneath, I wore nothing but a skimpy pair of white bikini briefs. The less I had to change out of, the simpler it made my job; besides, it was warm for May.

"What sort of game?" I asked with an air of innocence. Perhaps this guy was a bit kinky. If this was the case, then the next half hour was going to prove interesting.

"The chicken game," replied Davy.

"Whatever you say."

"Okay, I'll start by asking you something, and if you can't answer it, you're chicken — or I'll do something, and you'll have to let me do it. Then we'll just see how hung up you are sexually."

"All right, what do you want to know?" I asked him.

"When you're with your boyfriend, does he touch you?"

"Yes."

"Okay, how does he touch you?"

"Well, he plays with my tits and he fingers me."

"Where does he finger you?"

"Between my legs," I answered.

"Aha! Does he stick his fingers up you?"

"Yes."

"What does he do? Tell me again," said Davy, his voice a little hoarse.

"He rubs me between my legs and stick his fingers up my cunt," I told him.

"Good. Would you let anyone touch you?"

"Perhaps," I said quietly.

"I'm going to touch your knee, all right?"

I nodded, and Davy put his hand lightly on my knee. "Higher?" he asked. I nodded again, and he moved further up my thigh. Soon he was touching my pussy through the thin material of my knickers. "Not chicken yet?" he asked.

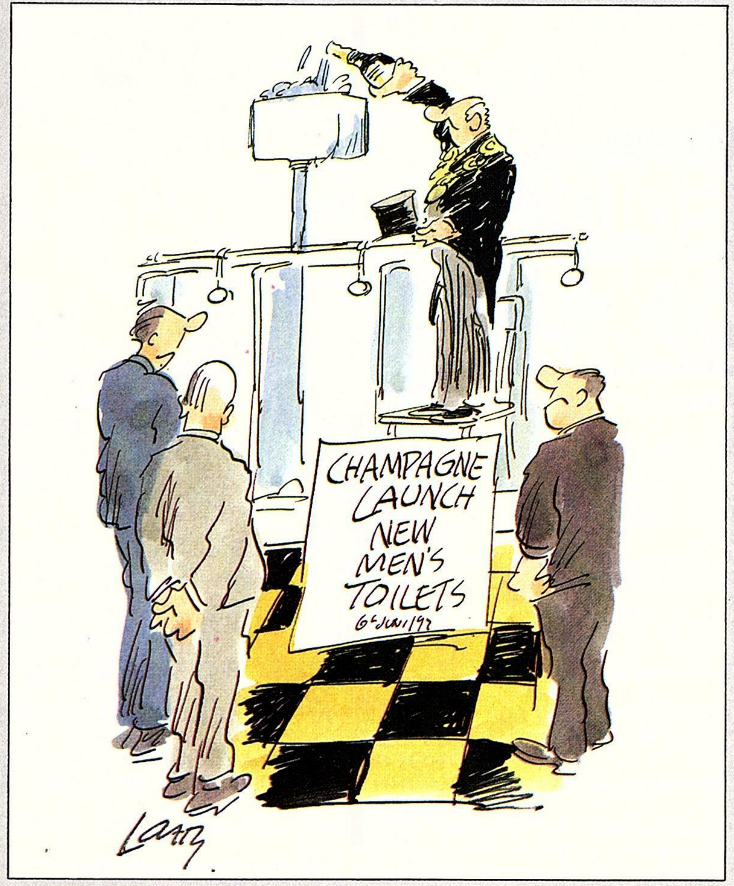
"No way," I replied, and he lifted up my skirt and pulled down my briefs, exposing a clump of my fair pubic hair.

"Oh that's beautiful," he whispered lustfully, and closed his hand over my naked flesh then slid it between my thighs into the waiting wetness.

Before going any further, Davy paused to lower my seat so that I was stretched out fully. He rolled over beside me and I kicked off my briefs and opened my legs wider. His fingers were soon working away inside my cunt and his free hand was pulling up my t-shirt so that he could get an unimpaired view of my tits. With his tongue, Davy began to lick around a nipple until it stood up in a hard pink peak, while his hand was busy massaging my other breast. I was being pampered from all directions, and I was loving it.

I was close to climaxing when all of a sudden, the pampering stopped. Quickly Davy undid his trouser zip, and pulled out his long, dripping cock. Pointing it directly at my face, he said, "Aren't you going to help me?" I fractionally parted my lips and Davy placed his erect cock between them. I kissed the tip gently, leaving on it traces of my pink lipstick.

Then I began to slowly lick around the rim, teasingly holding back further compliments for as long as Davy could bear it — which wasn't very long. He couldn't wait to shove himself down into my throat and have



▷ 65

63 ◁

me suck hard, yet he denied himself the ultimate pleasure and pulled himself out just as he was on the point of coming.

"I want to fuck you," he explained. And before I could protest, he forced his cock between my legs. Not that I would've objected! I wanted his hardness inside me just as much as he did. I was sandwiched between Davy and the car seat, barely able to move, powerless against his manhood. Every moment was pure physical ecstasy.

Davy controlled his prick beautifully as it pumped in and out of my cunt with a steady rhythm which soon caused me to climax. Only when I was well satisfied did Davy allow himself the same privilege, and he released his spunk into me in what was a full emotional as well as physical peak. It was a wonder nobody came to investigate the loud noises coming from the usually peaceful lay-by! — M.D., Scotland.

Thanks for that, M.D., we reckon that deserves our £50 Letter Of The Month award. But you really ought to be more 'car-full' about who you take lifts from! — Ed.

Wet Sex

I'm a big fan of Knave, but have a request for you lot to think about. One of my favourite activities is fucking my girlfriend in the shower. The feeling as the hot water runs over my body whilst she sucks my prick is amazing, and when I screw her from behind against the cool tiles, she comes again and again.

It's great; afterwards, you don't even need to worry about washing, because by the time you've both come, you're clean again anyway!

So, why haven't you had any pictures of girls in showers, huh? I'm sure a lot of guy's feel the same way as I do. There's nothing quite as good as watching a girl washing herself, completely oblivious to her surroundings. So come on, Knave, turn on the taps! — *J.P., Halifax.*

I think you need a cold shower, mate! — Ed.

Driven To Adultery

I have been fucking my boss's new wife for three months now. I say 'new' because they have only been married for six months. Her name is Lana and she is an American and just 22 years old. I'm going to refer to my boss as Mr P, he's in his late 50s and had been a widower for over ten years, which is why we all got such a shock when he came back from a business trip to the States with his new bride. Mr P has two daughters who are both older than Lana, and according to all the rumours they don't get on very well with their stepmother.

"I put one hand on the hem of her mini and started to ease it up over her hips."

The boss and his brothers run a small but efficient computer components firm, we turn out some wizard gadgetry for the bigger concerns. My name is Barry by the way, I am 24, coloured and one of only two drivers employed by the firm. Mr P is very popular with his workforce, he has a policy of engaging quite a lot of coloured people.

Lana is a very beautiful lady, there have been lots of stories about her past life before Mr P brought her over here. I don't know if there is any truth in any of them — maybe Mr P's daughters started them off. I do know one thing for sure though, she is the hottest and sexiest woman I have ever known, so maybe there is some truth in one or other of the stories.

In the late summer Mr P went to Birmingham, where our firm was exhibiting at a Computer Fair being held in the N.E.C. and I got word to pick up his wife from their home on the Friday morning and take her to his Birmingham hotel. I was also to use his new Rolls!

I was at their home bang on time. Surprisingly she was ready, with her cases all packed. She was looking positively radiant, just as though she'd stepped out from the centre spread of one of those Upper Class Fashion papers. It was a cold, raw and miserable morning and she was putting the calf length fur coat to good use. She was wearing red shoes with very high heels, pink nylons (stockings as it turned out) and a red hat (pillbox I think they're called), anyway it showed off her long raven hair a treat. She made small talk all the way till we were about 8 miles or so from Buxton with not a hint of what was to come then, suddenly she said, softly, "Barry, pull in here will you. I want to join you in the front."

I stopped the car and hopped round to open and shut doors for her — she was still wrapped up in that fur coat. Two minutes later and we were on

▷ 89

"HAIR TRIG

A wise-cracking private eye, a woman who could crack Y's and a leg-cracking mobster, all brought together in a welter of puns, sex and bullets in this short story by LEE RUSSELL.

The phone began to ring while I was examining the smoking hole in my sock. I'd been trying to conceal my .38 down there when the damn thing went off. Luckily I wasn't injured, but the floor of my apartment sustained a pretty ugly wound. I was gonna have to get that firing-pin fixed before I blew my foot off.

I found the phone under a pile of empty bourbon bottles.

"Deke Cleaver, P.I.," I barked. "Shoot, it's your dime."

The voice on the other end was indistinct, barely audible. That cheap hooch was affecting my hearing. Then I noticed the cord was coming out of the top of the phone. I turned it around and barked again. A woman's voice, like molasses laced with broken glass, trickled down the line.

"Deke baby, it's Pearl. I need your help."

I hadn't heard from Pearl in quite a while. She ran the Venus Flytrap, a combined gambling joint and whorehouse over on the East Side. It was a shrewd operation; the dice were loaded and the tables were rigged, but Pearl's girls were so well stacked that the mugs who used the place hardly ever noticed they were being ripped off.

"What's the problem?"

"I'd rather not talk about it over the phone," oozed Pearl, "can you come over?"

I lit a cigarette, casually singeing my eyebrows in the process. Pearl had put me in a tight spot. I'd already been hired for the night by a guy who was convinced his wife was cheating on him with an entire Puerto Rican basketball team. I was due to stake out a sweaty gym down in Spanish Harlem so's I could catch this broad in the act of slam-dunking one or two through the hoop. Now Pearl was asking me to come over and chew the fat in a plush gambling den full of top-quality booze and white-hot sex kittens. Ethically speaking it was a tough choice.

"I'll be right over," I told her.

I was never too big on ethics.

Half an hour later I was stepping gingerly out of a cab outside the Venus Flytrap. I'd finally managed to get the .38 into my sock but I had to walk carefully to avoid blasting a hole in the sidewalk. It was a little inconvenient but there was no alternative; my shoulder holster was busted and I sure as hell wasn't gonna stick the damn thing down the waistband of my pants.

The doorman, a tall black guy named Germaine, recognised me and ushered me into the club. As I hobbled past he leaned forward and whispered, "Haemorrhoids?"

I shot him a look as cold as a Polar bear's nuts and said, "No. A Smith and Wesson .38 calibre revolver."

As I walked away I heard him say, "Up your ass?"

I pulled down the brim of my hat and kept walking.

The place was just the way I remembered it; low lights, red velvet drapes on the walls, a carpet deep enough to swallow your brogues. Muted piano music mingled

> **"Her immense bulk was swathed in several hundred yards of green silk. She looked like a small artificial hill."**

Illustrated by Ashley Hamilton Lloyd

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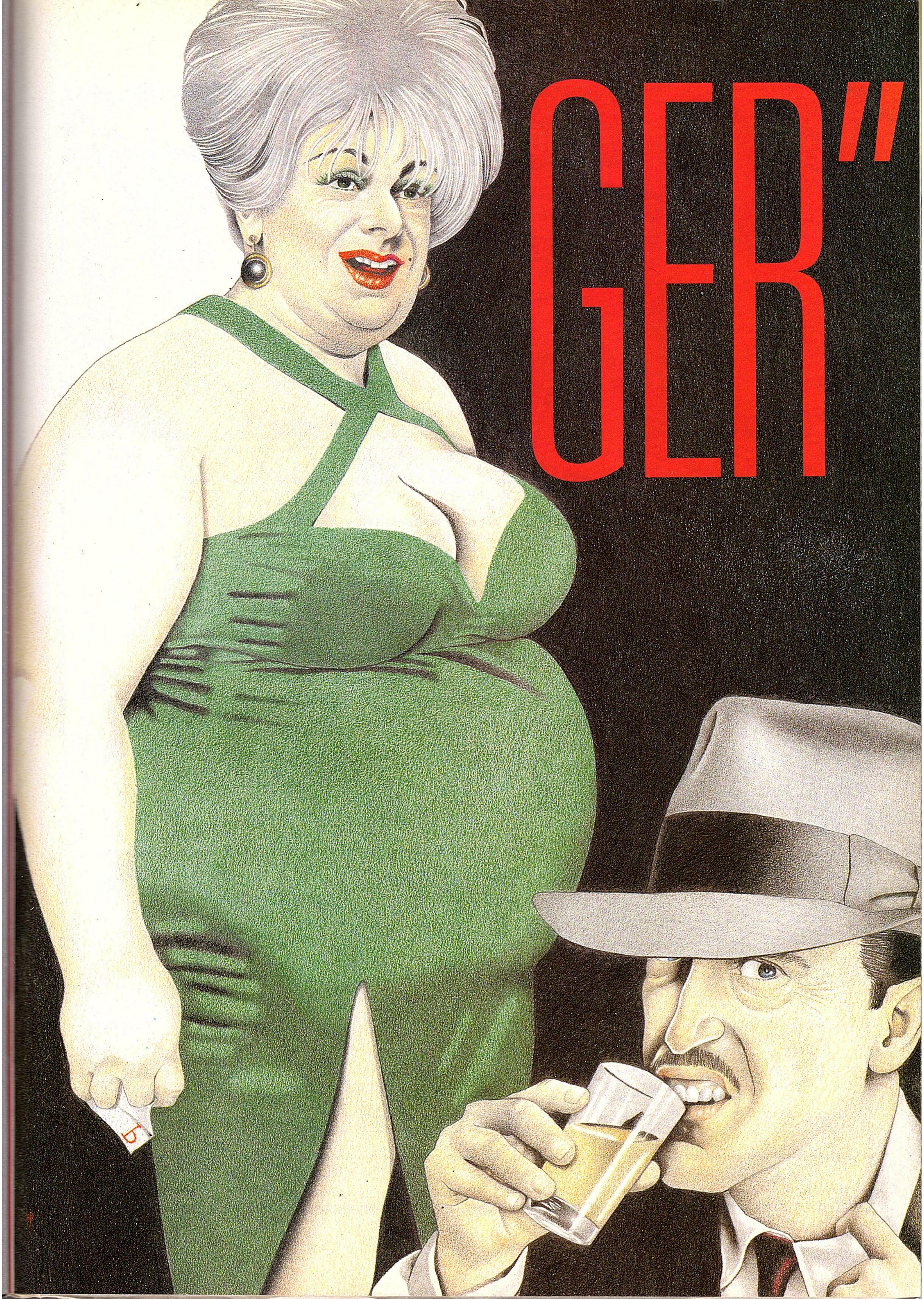

GER”

"HAIR TRIGGER"

continued from page 75

with the rattle of the roulette wheel, the tumble of dice and the low, moronic murmur of the clientele as they ogled the broads.

I found a table, ordered a bourbon and surveyed the joint to see if I could spot Pearl. It didn't take long. Pearl was kinda hard to miss; she had silky platinum blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes, a cherry-red cupid's bow of a mouth — and the physique of a Sumo wrestler. She was the biggest woman I had ever known. Tonight her immense bulk was swathed in several hundred yards of dark green silk. She looked like a small artificial hill.

When Pearl saw me her eyes lit up and a lusty smile played on her lips. She'd always had a thing for me, but I'd never been curious enough to find out where it was or what it looked like. I decided to play it cool; I narrowed my eyes, raised my glass to my lips and dribbled bourbon down my tie.

Pearl sashayed across the carpet like a wounded moose, wriggling right up close until my head was almost completely buried in that colossal cleavage.

For a moment I thought I'd gone blind. Then she stepped back, looked me up and down and said in her chocolate-gravel voice, "Hi, Deke. Is that a gun in your sock or are you just *extremely* pleased to see me?"

I was beginning to wish I'd left the damn thing at home.

Pearl sat down. "So, what's the problem, babe?" I said, "Somebody putting alcohol in your booze?"

She laughed and playfully punched my arm.

"You always were a tease, Cleaver," she said as I got up off the floor and put my hat back on. "You know I only keep the best money can buy. And for you, lover, it's on the house."

I ordered another four bourbons and a six-pack of beer for later, then we got down to business.

"It's one of my girls," said Pearl. "I think she may be in a lotta trouble."

I drained my glass. "Lemme talk to her," I slurred. I decided I'd better lay off the bourbon or I wouldn't be able to talk to anybody.

"Cherie took a deep breath and I felt sure something was gonna pop out — either her creamy jugs or my bloodshot eyes."

Pearl motioned to someone across the room while I tried to put my glass back on the table. A few seconds later I was aware of someone standing beside me.

"This is Cherie," said Pearl.

I looked up and said, "Hi Ch . . ." but that was as far as I got. I thought maybe I'd died and gone to heaven — but then God would never let an angel look that horny. She was about twenty years old, with black, shoulder-length hair, long dark lashes and glistening, pouting lips. She wore a black, rhinestone-encrusted basque which barely contained her voluptuous breasts, and her long, slender legs were sheathed in black fishnet tights. As she pulled out a chair and sat down I tried to pull myself together; my knees were trembling, my pulse was pounding in my ears and someone was trying to inflate an airship in my underpants. I couldn't speak. Luckily, Pearl came to my rescue.

"Tell Mr. Cleaver all about it, honey," she said.

Cherie took a deep breath and I felt sure something was gonna pop out — either her creamy jugs or my bloodshot eyes. She started talking and the pink mounds began to subside, but as a trained observer, I decided to keep them under surveillance. This made it kinda hard to concentrate on her story but I got the general gist. It seemed that Cherie had been a key witness in the trial that had finally put "Rancid" Johnny Ranoli behind bars. Rancid Johnny and his boys had run the East Side for as long as anybody could remember. They were a mean bunch, and Ranoli was the meanest of them all. He had a particularly vicious way of dealing with anybody who crossed him — depending on his mood he'd either slice of their ears or their balls. The streets of the East Side were full of guys who'd had a run-in with Ranoli. You could always tell the lucky ones — their hats kept falling down over their eyes.

"So how did you get involved with Ranoli?" I managed to ask Cherie.

"He used to come in here a lot," she said in a soft voice, "And I guess I was his favourite. He used to pay me a hundred bucks an hour and I never even had to do anything — just listen to him bragging about how mean he was. I guess that's how he got his kicks."

Alone in a room with Cherie at a hundred bucks an hour and all Ranoli wanted to do was talk — now that's what I call twisted.

"After a while I couldn't take any more," she said, "I went to the cops and they wired up my room. Taped everything Ranoli said. That was what put him away."

I began to remember the case from the papers. Rancid Johnny and his number one henchman, an Argentinian psychopath known as "Deadly" Ernest Valasquez, were put away for a total of four hundred years each.

"So what's the problem?" I said, "he won't be bothering you for at least another three hundred and fifty years, even with time off for good behaviour."

Pearl looked at me kinda sideways. "Ranoli and Valasquez busted outta the joint this morning," she said.

"And he swore that if he ever got out, he'd kill me," said Cherie, stifling a sob. "Oh, Mr. Cleaver, you gotta help me!"

The poor kid was so scared and confused. I wanted to put my arm around her and comfort her. I also wanted to stick my head between her bazookas and go "Hubba-lubba-lubba," but I did neither. I still felt as if I had a marrow in my lap.

"Whaddya think we oughta do, Deke?" asked Pearl.

I lit a cigarette and made as if I was mulling over the facts, but I already had my first move planned out.

"Well, the way I see it, Cherie's a sitting target if she stays here," I said. "It'd be best for everybody concerned if she moved in with me for a while."

Cherie sniffed. "I'll do whatever you say, Mr. Cleaver," she murmured, drying her eyes and making my day.

I grabbed my six-pack and followed Cherie up to her room on the second floor so I could keep an eye on her while she packed a coupla G-strings into an overnight bag. I was getting to like this case. The way I had it figured, there wasn't gonna be any trouble. A lot of guys make empty threats on their way to the slammer, and my highly-developed knowledge of criminal psychology told me that Ranoli and Valasquez wouldn't stick around to get

continued on page 79

"HAIR TRIGGER"

continued from page 77

themselves collared again and thrown back in the can. They were probably half way to Mexico or Canada or someplace by now. Still, I wasn't about to pass up the opportunity of taking Cherie into protective custody for a while.

Cherie had almost finished packing; she'd selected a coupla slinky gowns and a few items of underwear that didn't look big enough to blow your nose on and now she was leaning over to reach something at the bottom of her closet. I guess I was too busy admiring the view to hear the door open behind me, but there's something kind of attention-grabbing about the feel of a cold steel gun-muzzle being pressed into the back of your neck.

"Jos' keep nice an' steel, meester. No sodden moves."

I wasn't about to make any sodden moves. I raised my hands real slow; I had an idea who was on the other end.

"'Deadly' Ernest Valasquez?" I said.

> "She'd selected a couple of slinky items that didn't look big enough to blow your nose on."

"You better believe it, meester," came the reply.

I made a mental note to put my highly-developed knowledge of criminal psychology in for a service.

"O.K. lady, come out in the meedle of the room, where I can see you," said Valasquez. Cherie emerged from the closet while Valasquez frisked me. He didn't bother to frisk Cherie. She was still wearing her hostess outfit and I guess it was kinda obvious she wasn't packing a piece. All the same, if I'd been Valasquez, I'd have frisked her.

Valasquez produced a pair of handcuffs and I got a good look at him for the first time as he manacled me and Cherie together. He had a face like a badly-treated brown leather shoe and his shiny black hair looked like it had been painted on with a wide brush.

"O.K.," he said, "Now we gonna take a leetle ride across town. Meester Ranoli wanna deal witchoo *personally*, lady."

Cherie whimpered. Valasquez gave us a slimy, gold-toothed grin and pushed us towards the door. We went out into the hall then down the fire escape to the alley, where Valasquez had a car waiting. He opened the lid of the trunk and said, "You travelling economy class. Get in."

"You can't be serious," I said.

Valasquez gave me the grin again and jammed the pistol up my nose. "I am deadly earnest!" he said.

Me and Cherie crammed ourselves into the trunk and Valasquez slammed the lid down. There wasn't a lot of room in there. My face was buried in Cherie's garbonzas, but I figured it was the wrong time to go, "Hubba-lubba-lubba."

As it turned out my position wasn't as fortunate as I'd first thought. It was a bumpy ride and I got slapped around pretty bad by Cherie's ample jugs on the way. I was barely conscious by the time the car pulled up.

The trunk lid opened and Valasquez was there, waving the piece at us again.

"O.K., out," he said, "Meester Ranoli ees waiting."

I still felt kinda dazed as we crossed the sidewalk and entered the apartment building but my head cleared a little as we climbed the darkened staircase inside. The threat of imminent death always tends to kinda sharpen my mind.

When we reached the first landing Valasquez told us to stop and knocked on the door. We waited but there was no reply. Cherie looked up at me for reassurance but I was fresh out of it. Valasquez knocked again and said, "Boss?" but there was still no answer. Eventually he took out a key, opened the door and let it swing inwards. The room was dark. Keeping the gun trained on me, Valasquez reached inside and snapped on the light.

For a few long minutes Valasquez stared silently into the room. I guess he was trying to figure out why his boss "Rancid" Johnny Ranoli, was taking a nap on the rug in the middle of the floor; after all, there was business to attend to. Valasquez looked at me with an expression of intense suspicion.

"No fonny beesiness," he said, and began to move slowly into the room.

Valasquez examined the prostrate figure of Ranoli for quite a while. This guy was no medical expert; despite the fact that the rug was covered in blood, it wasn't until he found the bullet hole in the top of Ranoli's head that he realised he was dead. After digesting the facts for a while Valasquez looked up at me.

"He ees dead," he said.

What could I say? It was an accurate diagnosis.

Valasquez slowly got to his feet and the grin was back for a repeat performance, only more psychotic this time. He was handling his grief pretty well.

"I guess thees means I am the boss!" he said. He raised the gun. "Now *I* get to clear up the unfeeneeshed beesiness!"

Cherie pressed herself up against me, sending a wave of deja-vu through my groin. I had to act fast.

"Hold it right there Valasquez!" I said. "Drop the piece or you're dead meat!"

Valasquez kept right on grinning. "You a fonny guy," he said, "I like you. Now I keel you."

His finger began to tighten on the trigger. I only had one chance. I raised my foot, clenched my toes and blew the sucker clean across the room. The grin didn't disappear until he splashed up against the wall.

After we'd unshackled ourselves Cherie threw her arms around my neck and kissed me; a long, slow, sensual kiss. Then she drew her head back, looked deep into my eyes and said, "You saved my life, Mr. Cleaver."

"It was nothing," I said, "Go call an ambulance."

She looked kinda puzzled. "But they're both dead. There's no . . ."

"Call an ambulance," I said.

When Cherie left the room I slumped back into an armchair and whimpered for a while. I may have saved Cherie's life but I blew a coupla toes off in the process. I tried to keep my mind off the pain by pondering over who had killed Ranoli. I assessed the facts, took a look around, thought for a while and then I had the answer. It was me.

Right from the beginning I'd thought the apartment looked familiar, then when I looked up and saw the small hole in the ceiling directly above Ranoli's body I realised why. This was the apartment below mine. Ranoli had been holed up in here all day and I'd accidentally shot him while I was trying to get my .38 into my sock. I'd killed the guy before I'd even met him.

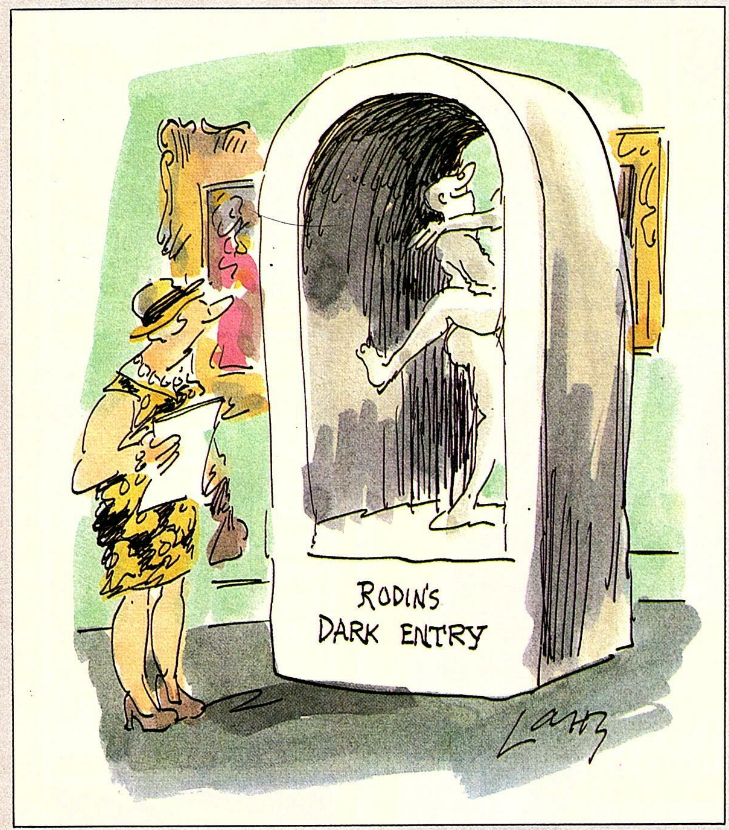
Cherie gasped when she came back into the room and saw my foot. I guess it woulda looked the same if I'd been tap-dancing in a minefield.

"My God, your toes!" she said.

"It's O.K.," I replied, "I got another

continued on page 81

65 ◁



our way again. From then on everything changed, though. And how!

Her first words were, "Barry, honey, cut out the Mrs P crap huh? It's Lana from now on, or least till we meet up with my husband tonight. O.K. sweetheart?"

I smiled across at her, "Understood Mrs...sorry, Lana."

She slid her hand onto my inner thigh. I took a deep breath and a firm grip on the wheel. I glanced down; her fingers were splayed wide across my thigh; long, slender fingers and her nails were blood-red inch long curved talons. She was whistling softly under her breath as her hand crept slowly up my thigh. I was starting to get a hard-on even before her fingers reached my cock. When she did touch it I heard her gasp. For a moment her fingers were still, then she was whispering with her voice almost breathless, "Hell Barry, ah do believe ah've got me a horse's cock...an' honey...mah lil' white pussy's itching for some big, black cock...baby ah'm gonna drain your balls dry...and how!"

It was soon apparent that this wasn't a spur-of-the-moment decision on her part but rather something she had thought out and planned well in advance, for a few minutes later she was telling me (and still holding my cock) to take the next exit on my left and then after a mile or so to look out for a small hotel called 'The George'. She gave my prick a squeeze and whispered, "Honey, you and me are gonna be Mr and Mrs Wilson for a few hours — we're booked into the best room they've got."

Small 'The George' may have been but it certainly made up for it in style and elegance.

"Her pussy was slick with her juices, I could feel her wetness squelching on my finger."

Lana swung her gorgeous legs out of the Rolls — she paused to give my hard-on a last little pat and gurgled, "Gee Barry, you sure as hell could run up Old Glory on him at the moment."

If the manager and his staff had any suspicions about a coloured guy and a beautiful American lady turning up at their hotel for a brief six hour visit then they were too well trained to show it and just minutes after Mr and Mrs Hiram Wilson from Dallas, Texas had signed the register they were being ushered into a really luxurious bedroom, complete with massive king-size bed.

Lana went to the centre of the bedroom and stood with her back to the bed. She put her talons to the collar of her fur coat and husked, "Barry honey, this is all for you" and the fur was on the pile carpet at her feet. She was poured into a shimmering, skin-tight, scarlet mini-dress. I think it was satin and it covered her cunt, just. It was almost backless and at the front it plunged wide and deep to her navel. She was braless and her breasts were small, like two apples, very firm and punching outwards and upwards to nipples that were already hard and clearly outlined through the red satin. I deliberately made my cock jerk in my slacks, she gasped, and then she was in my arms and her mouth was hot and urgent on mine. I used both hands on her, caressing her breasts and hips and buttocks. She pressed harder against me, her hands shoving my jacket off my shoulders before pulling my shirt

▷ 91

"HAIR TRIGGER"

continued from page 79

eight. And I never used those two much anyhow."

"I guess it must hurt pretty bad," she said as she walked across the room.

"I've had worse," I lied.

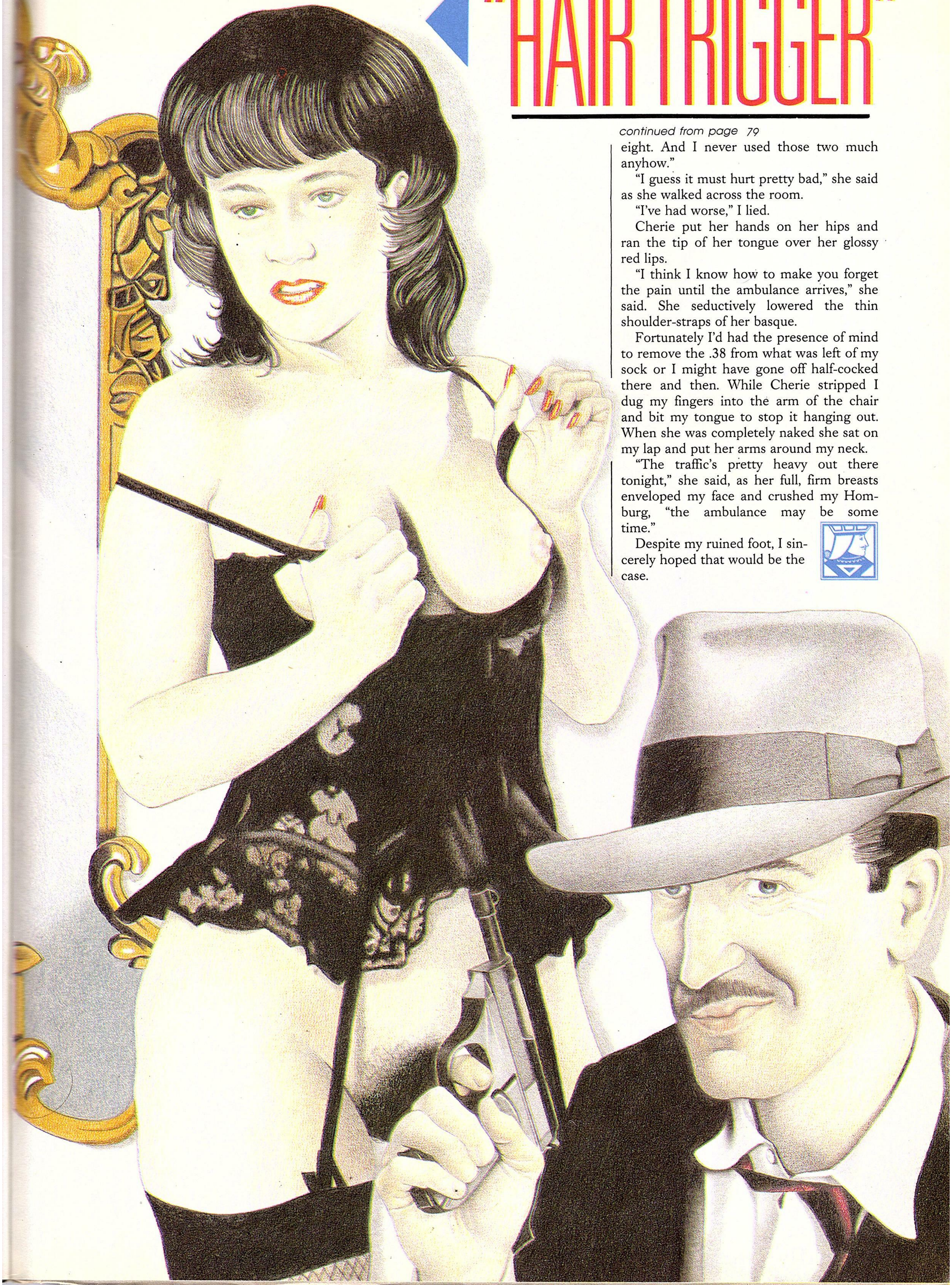
Cherie put her hands on her hips and ran the tip of her tongue over her glossy red lips.

"I think I know how to make you forget the pain until the ambulance arrives," she said. She seductively lowered the thin shoulder-straps of her basque.

Fortunately I'd had the presence of mind to remove the .38 from what was left of my sock or I might have gone off half-cocked there and then. While Cherie stripped I dug my fingers into the arm of the chair and bit my tongue to stop it hanging out. When she was completely naked she sat on my lap and put her arms around my neck.

"The traffic's pretty heavy out there tonight," she said, as her full, firm breasts enveloped my face and crushed my Homburg, "the ambulance may be some time."

Despite my ruined foot, I sincerely hoped that would be the case.



89 ◁

free from my slacks and starting to stroke my belly and chest and all the time grinding her hips across my crotch.

I put one hand on the hem of her mini and started to ease it up over her hips. I moved my hand round till it was between us. I realised then that she was wearing stockings and not tights, also that they were those self-support ones. Under that dress she was naked but for a pair of tiny lace open crotch panties. The flesh of her stomach was smooth and hot under my palm. I slid my hand down inside her panties and began to touch her cunt. I put my other hand under her panties at the back, squeezing hard on the firm flesh of her buttocks. I moved my finger in and out of her cunt. She gasped and started to move her hips in time with my probing finger. I started to kiss her neck and her movements became more urgent. She was gasping and moaning and her pussy was slick with her juices — I could hear and feel her wetness squelching on my finger. Her moans were getting quicker and louder, then she gave a short but sharp little scream and she was shuddering and her nails were digging into my back. Her body went rigid and relaxed, went rigid again and then she let out a long, slow and contented sigh.

"With a loud cry I found myself ramming my cock down her throat as I exploded into her mouth."

She was almost purring, "Oh Barry...that was so good...so good...now it's your turn."

She went down onto her knees before me and my hands were in her hair as she tugged my belt loose and drew the zip of my fly down, then with one quick tug she had my slacks and shorts down to my ankles. My cock smacked up against my belly, she grabbed it in her two hands and her voice was thick with lust, "Oh Barry, so big and black...so hard."

Then she was licking her lips and rounding them into an 'O' shape, she ran her fingers under my balls and started to pull my cock down to her mouth. She had both hands round the base and her mouth was open, as her lips touched my tip and she moaned deep in her throat. I gasped and there was a fire in my belly as her tongue lapped my knob-end. She slid her head forwards slowly and inch by inch she took me all the way in. I could feel my cock going over her tongue. I felt it nudge the back of her throat, for a second she seemed to gag, then somehow she was adjusting and I was sliding down her throat. My hands were tight in her hair and her lips were against my pubic hair. Then she withdrew slowly and began to slide her lips rhythmically over me.

"She clamped her lovely pink silk stockinged legs round my hips and thighs."

Her lips slid down the entire length of my shaft and I could feel her nails digging into my buttocks as she drew me close against her face. I could feel spunk boiling up in my balls and I forced myself to hold back because I wanted to last. Stooping slightly I started to hold and fondle her breasts with the other. I had never known a woman whose breasts were as firm as Lana's.

Then her mouth was back at the head of my cock, teasing me with her tongue and sliding her lips faster and faster and back and forth over my swollen, sensitive tip. Again I could feel my climax approaching and as I shuddered and tightened my hands on her tits she slowed down her sucking and stroking movements, taking more of me into her mouth till I trembled on the very edge of release. I had both hands on her head now with my fingers twining her hair as I felt my orgasm reaching bursting point. Then with a loud cry I found myself ramming my cock down her throat as I exploded into her mouth. I was shuddering as I jetted spurt upon spurt of my thick jism into her; her fingers were tight on my bum as she tried to hold me still with her mouth working frantically as she drank and swallowed almost all of my spunk.

I helped her to her feet and then she was kissing me. I could taste my own spunk on her mouth and lips, she had one arm around my neck but all the time she held onto my cock with her other hand. I was still semi stiff and as her kisses got hotter she started to wank my cock; in no time at all I was again fully erect. I put my hands under her buttocks and lifted her up and carried her over to the bed and laid her down on her back across it.

She shuddered and gave a most unladylike grunt when I went into her that first time — I've never fucked any other woman like her and I've often wondered since if some of

▷ 93

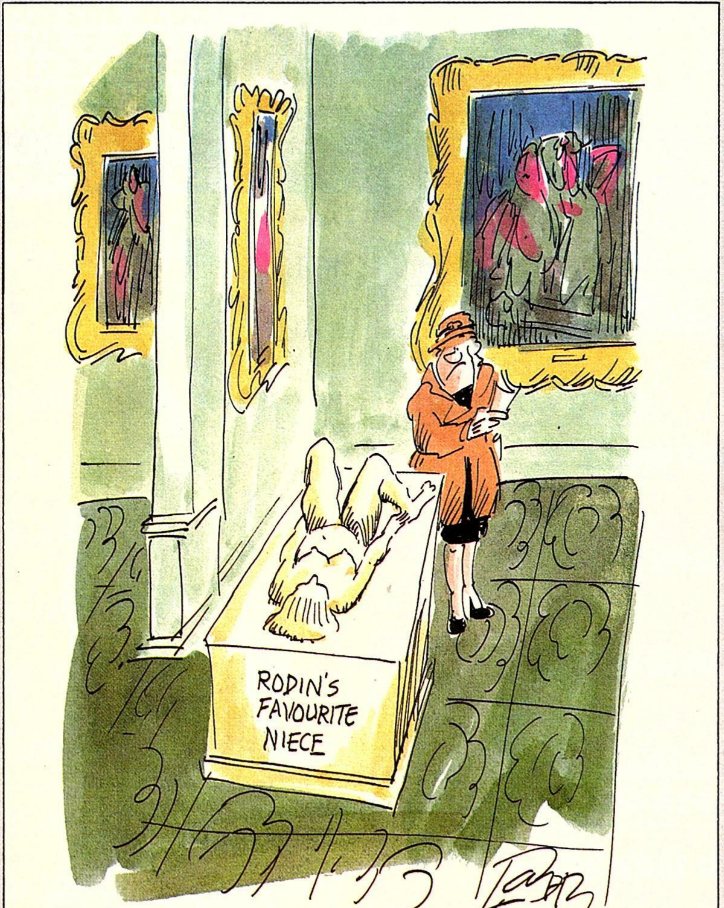
91 ◁

those stories about her are true — she was totally uninhibited. That first fuck didn't last long either, though I still brought her to three orgasms before I shot my load into her. Hell, it was sexy, with me completely naked and her in that red dress and sumptuous fur coat. The front of her mink was wide open and she made a lot of noise as she kissed and bit on my neck and chest, or raked my back with those red talons.

I had my hands on the outside of her hips, my fingers kneading hard into the rich fur of her coat. The red dress was a rolled up heap at her waist as I slammed my rock hard cock, which was wet and glistening from her juices, in and out of her cunt. It was a short, wonderfully satisfying fuck made all the sexier for me as she clamped her lovely pink silk stockinged legs round my hips and thighs.

She must have sensed that I was about to release my come into her as she became awash with her own juices. She told me later that she had felt my initial spurts jetting into her; she was shrieking and her legs were completely clear of the floor as I shot my load all the way up into her cunt. I fell onto her gasping for breath. Her legs fell to the rug and for another few seconds I could feel her cunt flexing and spasming on my cock and then she too was still.

Later, we met up with Mr P in their hotel in Brum. He was so considerate, fixing me up with a room in the same hotel for the two nights before we drove home again. He even asked me to have dinner with them each night of our stay. Earlier in my letter I said how I had this guilty feeling about screwing his wife in view of all his kindness. Those feelings were very strong that weekend, I can assure you! — *Barry, Cumbria.*



Tasty Treats

I'd like to tell you about the games my girlfriend and I get up to in bed. One of her favourites is when I smear honey all over her pussy and slowly lick it off, making sure I get all of it onto my tongue.

She, on the other hand, prefers the taste of peach melba yoghurt, and we buy those big family containers. She loves spreading it all over my cock and balls and then letting my cock slip into her mouth, lubricated by the yoghurt, and nibbling on my balls to get the yoghurt off.

The other night we even tried that chocolate spread stuff, it's brilliant, because it's so thick, it stays on for ages, and when you press against each other, you can feel it sticking. If your readers have any similar fetishes, or suggestions about what they like to use, I'd be really interested in them. — *T.H., Essex.*

I would have thought you'd have to be bloody careful when there are wasps about! — Ed.

Something Vaguely Sexual...

As most of your correspondents are men, I hope you won't mind — at least too much — if a mere woman writes to you. I just thought you might be interested in hearing about an

▷ 103

93 ◁

important and valuable experience I had a couple of years ago.

I'd been feeling vaguely — dissatisfied, bored, frustrated — over my relationship with my boyfriend for some time.

We had it often and regularly enough, but it was always...well, it wasn't as if we were a Victorian couple, only doing it fully clothed and blindfolded, but it was a little like that somehow. We'd get into bed. I'd open my legs. He'd climb on top of me and put it in. He came. I came. He'd climb off and we'd go to sleep. It was nice — *nice* — but it began to seem more and more mechanical. I wasn't complaining, but I wasn't running around shouting the good news either.

"Without a word, they came over to me and I felt my clothes being taken off."

Maybe it was this feeling of unspecified disappointment that made me uncharacteristically willing to talk about the problem with Dave and Terry that evening.

They were members of the badminton club I'd started going to a few months previously to help keep myself fit. My boyfriend hadn't joined; he was more the intellectual type, and that was his chess club night. As we were all leaving, they invited me back to the flat they shared for a late night coffee, and I went along.

As we sat in their large living-room, Dave looked at me sympathetically, and said, "You seem a bit down today." I suppose I was glad to have someone to talk to, for I explained what was the matter. They exchanged glances and Terry murmured, "We have a cure for that you know..." He went out and came back carrying a large white rug, which he spread carefully out on the floor. I looked at it in bewilderment, until, without a word, they came over to me and I felt my clothes being taken off. My sweater came over my head, my lace bra fell away and my legs seemed to lift themselves as my skirt and panties disappeared. Finally I stood there, totally naked, while the two guys ran over me with their eyes, their breathing growing heavier at the sight of my slim, nude body.

"Lie down," ordered Terry gruffly and I instantly obeyed. They stripped themselves quickly, stretched themselves out on either side of me and suddenly there were hands all over my trembling tits, lifting, kneading, and massaging. Two heads came down, and I felt both my nipples being drawn into panting mouths. To have one nipple kissed is great — but when both of them are being licked and sucked at the same time, that is really something!

I felt a touch on my knee, and Terry's hand began gliding slowly up the inside of my leg, caressing every inch of my soft flesh. It reached my pubes, traced around the edges of my mound, then cupped my quivering quim, pushing and stroking. I could feel my juices flowing out of me as his strong palm began to warm me. One finger, then two, then three slid up into my passage, and began circling around its tingling walls.

So I lay there, both my tits being carefully attended to, and Terry wanking away at my cunt — it was beautiful!

All at once the boys stopped, and stretched out beside me again. My arms were guided out, and I found both my hands full of hot solid cock. At first I just stroked them gently, then gripped more firmly, and began sliding up and down more vigorously, enjoying the feel of those throbbing muscles. The two of them came almost at the same moment and I stared wide-eyed as their come shot into the air, arched over and came down on my belly like a soft shower of warm summer rain.

Of course, after all this, I was feeling pretty worked up myself, and Dave obviously realized this, for he began necking me. Then his tongue glided down over my shoulder, down the valley of my tits, across my stomach, pausing to explore my little belly-button, then slowly into my aching slit. He licked back and forth across my welcoming lips. then plunged up inside me. Terry's hands were back on my bulging boobs, thrumming their upright nipples, and with that, and with Dave's mouth at my muff, I came quickly and delightfully, my clit seeming to vibrate in time with Dave's searching tongue.

"My arms were guided out, and I found both my hands full of hot, solid cock."

Afterwards, I must have dozed off for a while. When I woke up Dave was smiling at me.

"Hungry?" he asked gently.

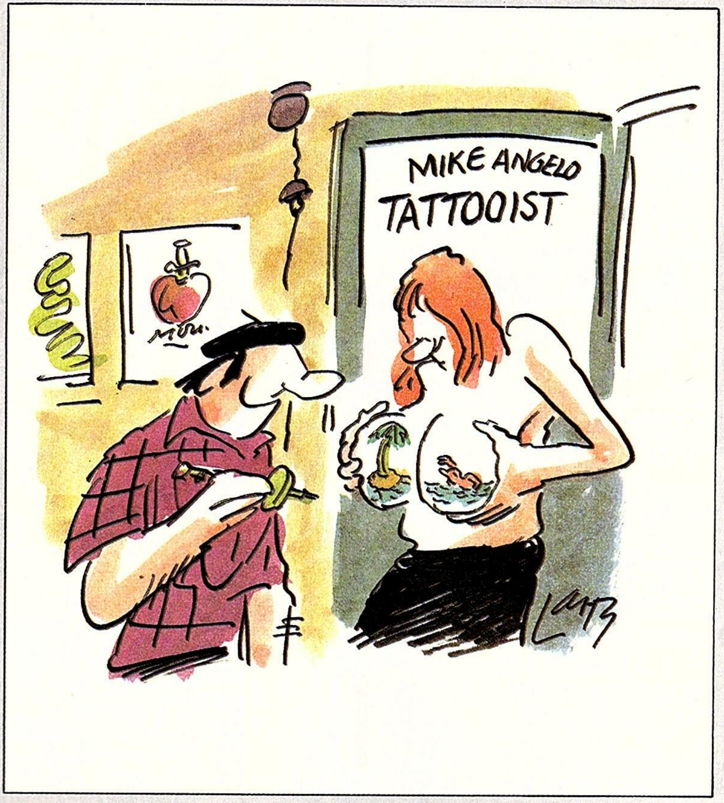
"A bit," I replied, my voice weak.

"Right, I'll fetch something."

I lay back, thinking I could relax for a while, But Terry silently spread my legs wide apart and knelt between them, so my cunt was wide open for whatever he wanted to do. He

▷ 105

103 ◁



lay himself along my body, scooped up the globes of my trim ass and lifted me. Then I felt his thick knob begin to enter my hole. First the head, then the entire length of his rigid shaft. I didn't understand how I could take so much inside me! My longing tits were rubbing under his hairy chest as he began to ram his cock up and down inside me. The walls of my fanny gripped him tightly and he grunted as he spunked furiously. That hot driving jet seemed to go on forever, and I came again as it shot up into my belly.

Dave came back in with several plates on a tray and we sat around for a while eating ham sandwiches and cream crackers with cheese. With the food and the fucking, this time I did collapse into sleep. When I woke up, the sky was just beginning to lighten faintly. I was on the point of saying "Good morning" to the boys, when I was suddenly turned over onto my stomach, then pulled up on all fours. Dave's hand went between my legs, seeking out my pussy, and I quickly began to drench it as he squeezed and stroked my open lips. His hands slid round to cup my hanging tits, rolling my nipples between finger and thumbs, then his shaft thrust ball-deep into my tunnel, his belly banging against my ass as he went hard at me. Something moved in front of me, and Terry was sliding down below me. At the sight of his erect column rearing towards me, I didn't hesitate. In a second I had it buried in my mouth, my lips sucking and rolling, my tongue racing avidly up and down his pulsating length. We all came together, Dave emptying himself into my melting quim, Terry firing into my busy mouth. And me — I didn't know where I was coming, with one enormous prick lodged securely in my cunt, and another one pouring its delicious spicy spunk down my gulping throat!

"The walls of my fanny gripped him tightly and he grunted and spunked furiously."

I nodded off agian — I'm not usually that sleepy, but I'm sure you'll forgive me under the circumstances — and when I came to it was eight o'clock. I had to be at work by ten that day, so I reached for my pile of clothes.

Before I knew it, somehow Terry was lying on the rug and I was being lowered onto his waiting cock. It split my cunt, sliding in so easily, and I began to ride him enthusiastically, wiggling my hips so the cock explored every corner of my wet fanny. Terry reached up for my swinging boobs and gripped them firmly, rubbing them together. I became aware of Dave standing beside me, then of his straining dick close to my face. I grabbed it, at first wanking him, then, as his first drops sped out, cradling his dangling balls, and slipping his shaft into my mouth. I was bouncing up and down on Terry like a trampoline, then once again I came wildly, one cock spurting into my cunt, another pouring into my mouth.

Now I really had to go, so I dressed and left, the boys escorting me to the gate. I waved goodbye, and walked — rather carefully — off to catch a bus.

It was three days later when I next went to spend the night with my boyfriend. But when we went to bed and he started in to shag me, (I open my legs, he puts it in, he comes, I come,

▷ 107

105 ◁

etc.), the memory of that other night rose up, and, without hesitation, I pushed him back, seized his knob, slid down him, and pulled it into my mouth.

At first I heard spluttering noises of surprise, but these quickly gave way to noises of another kind as my soft lips and my silky tongue played over him and he started spurting. I sucked greedily, making sure to draw out every last drop — more salty than either Dave or Terry, it seemed, but equally gorgeous — until his prick was drained and exhausted.

> "I rolled his swollen organ over my tits until he came again and drenched me with his fluid."

He didn't seem to know what to say after and we lay there in silence for a time, until I started showing him that more than his polite cock was welcome in my fanny. He buried his head between my curvy thighs as he sucked at my labia and tongued me off, while I rolled his swollen organ over my tits until he came again and drenched me with his fluid.

From then on it was all different. Wanking, sucking, licking — we were doing it all! A few days later he went out muttering something about "A video recorder, that's what we need..." — but I won't bore you with the details of *that*! Enough to say that, from that time on — to ressurrect an old phrase — when I've been fucked, I really *know* I've been fucked!

Dave and Terry? I never saw them again. I stopped going to badminton club. With all the exercise I was now getting, I felt fit enough. And when I bumped into the club secretary, she told me they had moved up north with their work. Wherever they are now I wish them luck.

But please, please, don't mention my surname. I never told my boyfriend — actually he's my husband now — about that night. Whether he'd be angry or not if he knew, I don't know. But I think I'll keep it to myself.

And yet it's strange. Every time now when we wake up after a night of first class fucking, he doesn't know how much he — and I — owe to those two young gentlemen who were so sympathetic to me when I needed some help! — *Lesley, Cotgrave.*

Pasta Penchant

I saw Sanchia, the Amateur Model in Vol. 21 No. 7 whilst visiting a friend, and rushed out to buy my own copy. (This was less expensive than flying to Italy!) She is quite simply the best Amateur Model I have seen, so please feature her again.

Your photographer must also be an amateur, as his lighting wasn't so good. It would be nice to see this Italian beauty with a professional photographer.

I will now be a regular Knave reader in the hope that other super Amateur ladies of equal sex appeal will be featured. Keep up the good work. — *F.W., London.*

Thanks for the kind words. We do try, you know. In fact, your letter comes at an opportune time, F.W. Not only will our 1989 Amateur Model Special be in your newsagents in November, but Sanchia Sebastianne is due to grace the cover of Knave Vol. 22 No. 1 in the New Year! — Ed.